TEST TEST TEST TEST TEST TEST

Vol. XCIX
No. 3

GARGOYLE

HUMOR MAGAZINE

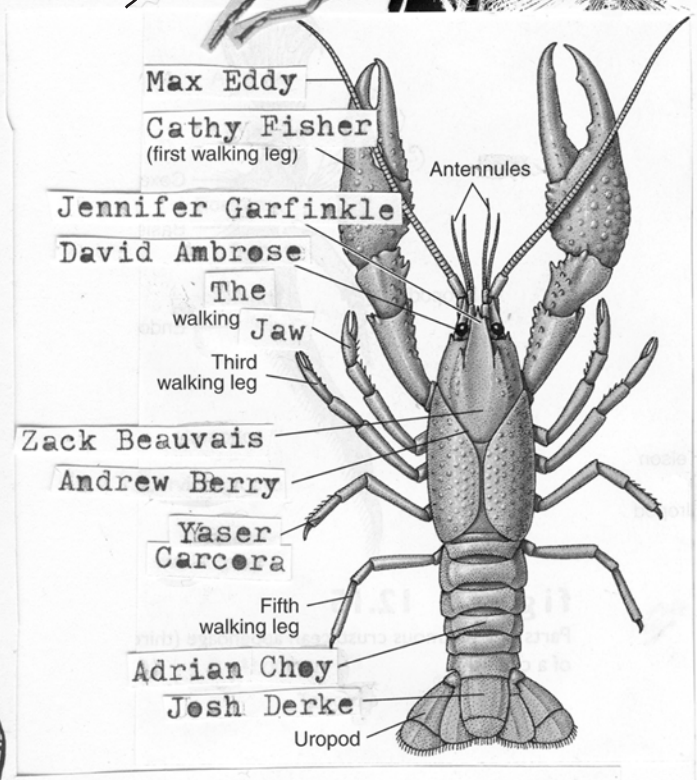
YES!

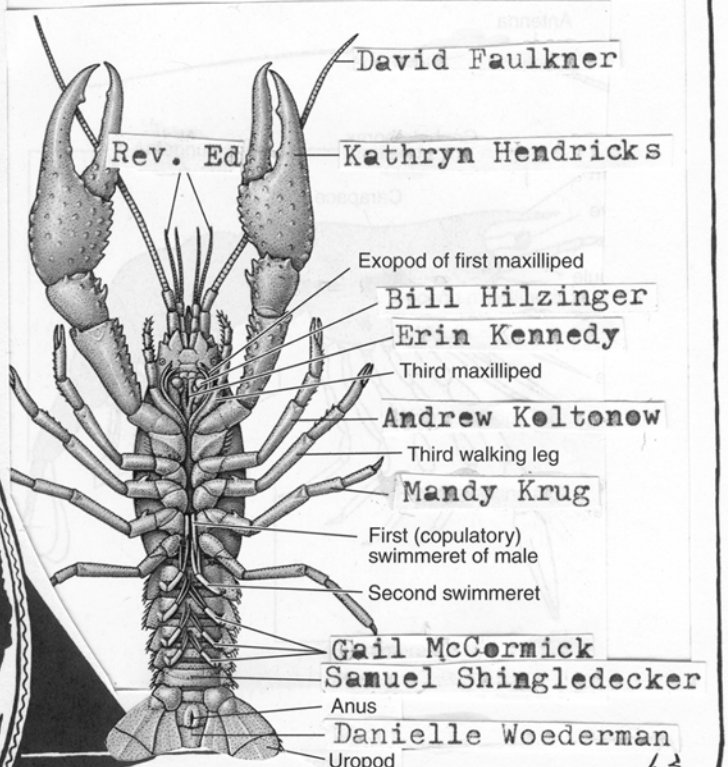
NO!

the CUT-UP issue

Est. 1909

Vol. XCIX No. 3





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B+ Too broad— See me after class.

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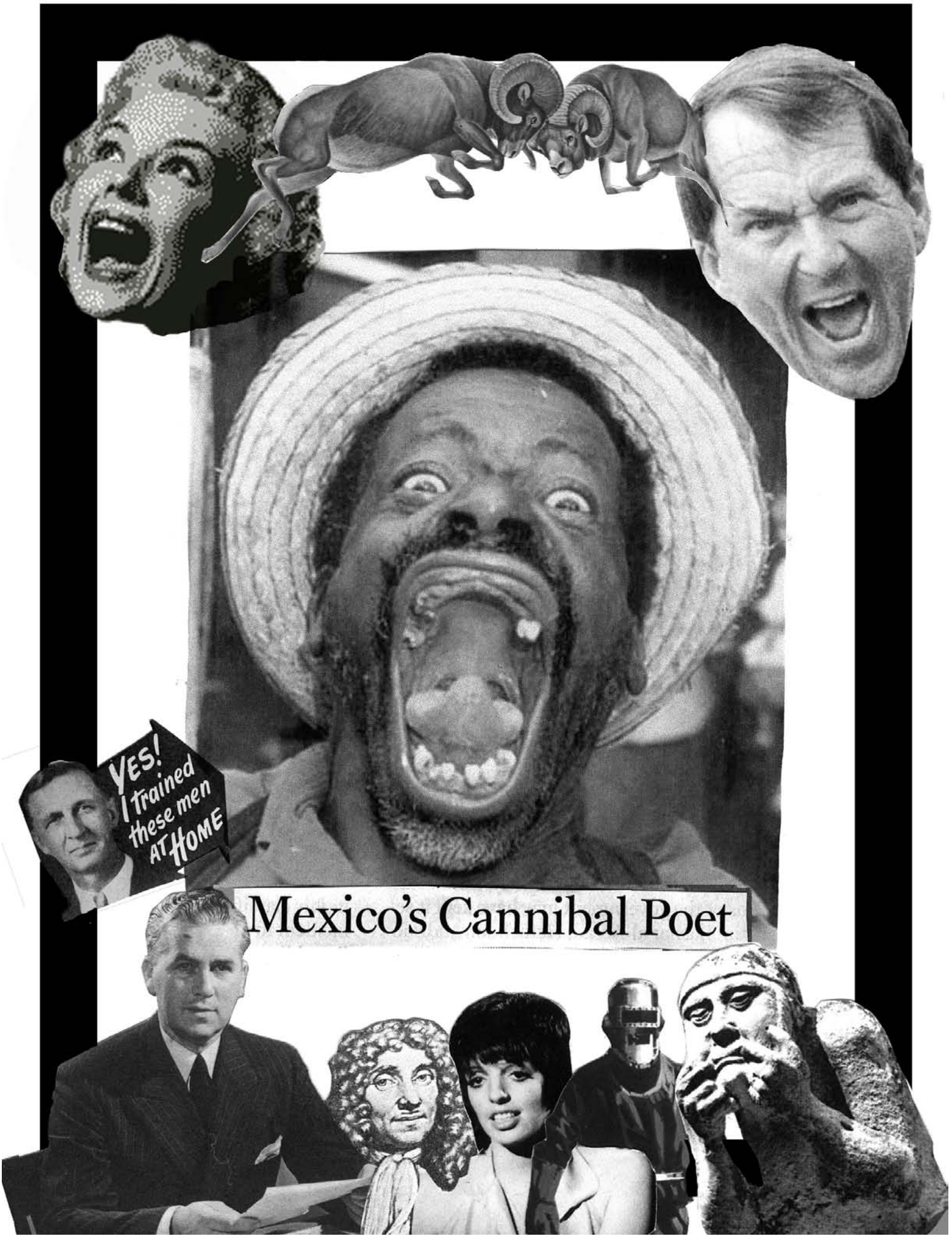
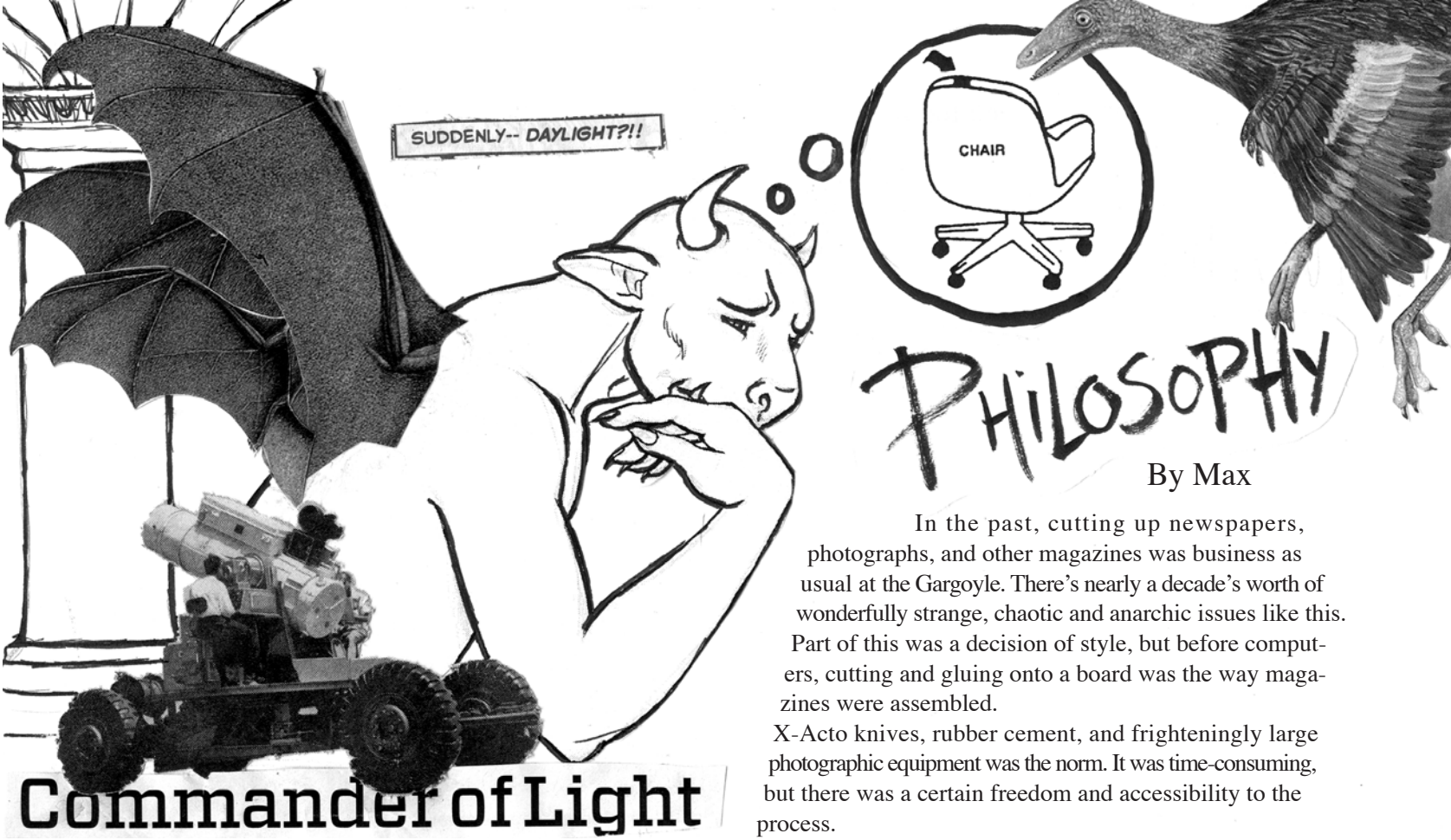


Mexico's Cannibal Poet



Commander of Light

PHILOSOPHY

By Max

In the past, cutting up newspapers, photographs, and other magazines was business as usual at the Gargoyle. There's nearly a decade's worth of wonderfully strange, chaotic and anarchic issues like this. Part of this was a decision of style, but before computers, cutting and gluing onto a board was the way magazines were assembled.

X-Acto knives, rubber cement, and frighteningly large photographic equipment was the norm. It was time-consuming, but there was a certain freedom and accessibility to the process.

Nowadays, we do things digitally, but digital layout is far from perfect. There's a bit of a learning curve with software like InDesign (We love Adobe!), which can be daunting to the uninitiated. Even if you know what you're doing, you often find yourself cursing the machine and shouting something along the lines of "IF I HAD A PAIR OF SCISSORS AND A GOD-DAMN GLUE STICK, I COULD HAVE BEEN DONE AN HOUR AGO!" Also, sitting in front of a computer for hours is just not as much fun as cuttin' shit up.

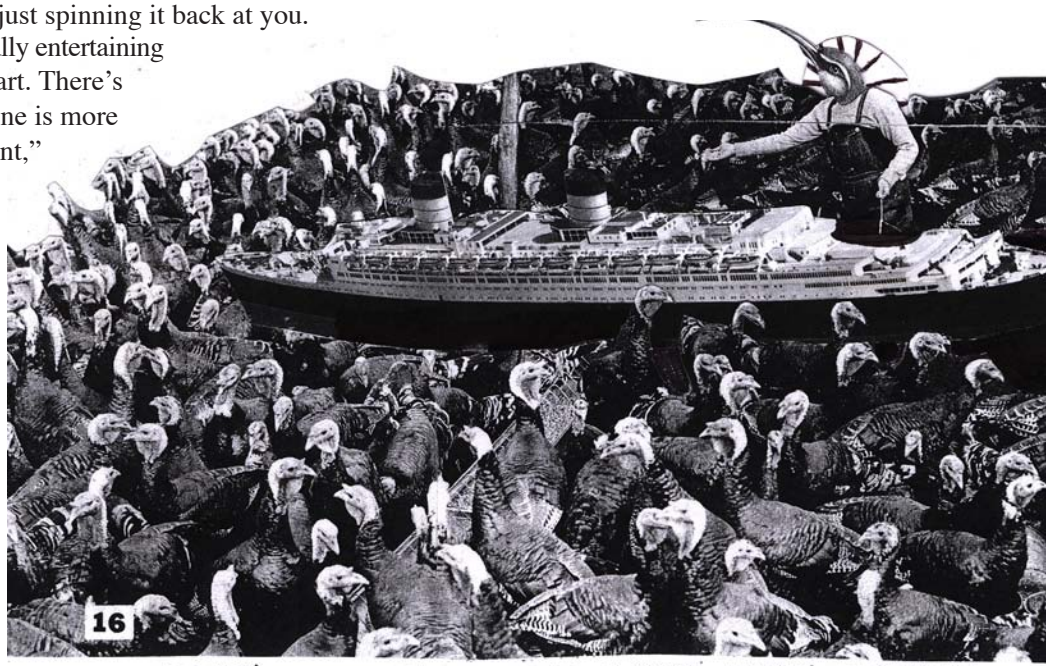
As I understand it, at a theoretical level, humor is based on ironic juxtapositions. Your basic joke formula is: [SET UP] + [UNEXPECTED CONCLUSION] = [HUMOR]. Absurdist humor takes this even further, where the unexpected conclusion is about as unexpected as anything could be. How could Monty Python be funny if this wasn't true? This issue, I believe, takes the concept to its extreme.

Humor is not an 'action' in the same way that writing a novel can be. Humor has to come from something else – a society, a situation, et cetera. There has to be a basis for the expectation in the audience, or otherwise the joke doesn't make as much sense. Most of this issue is taken from books, magazines and God knows what else. This is your social detritus, America! We're just spinning it back at you.

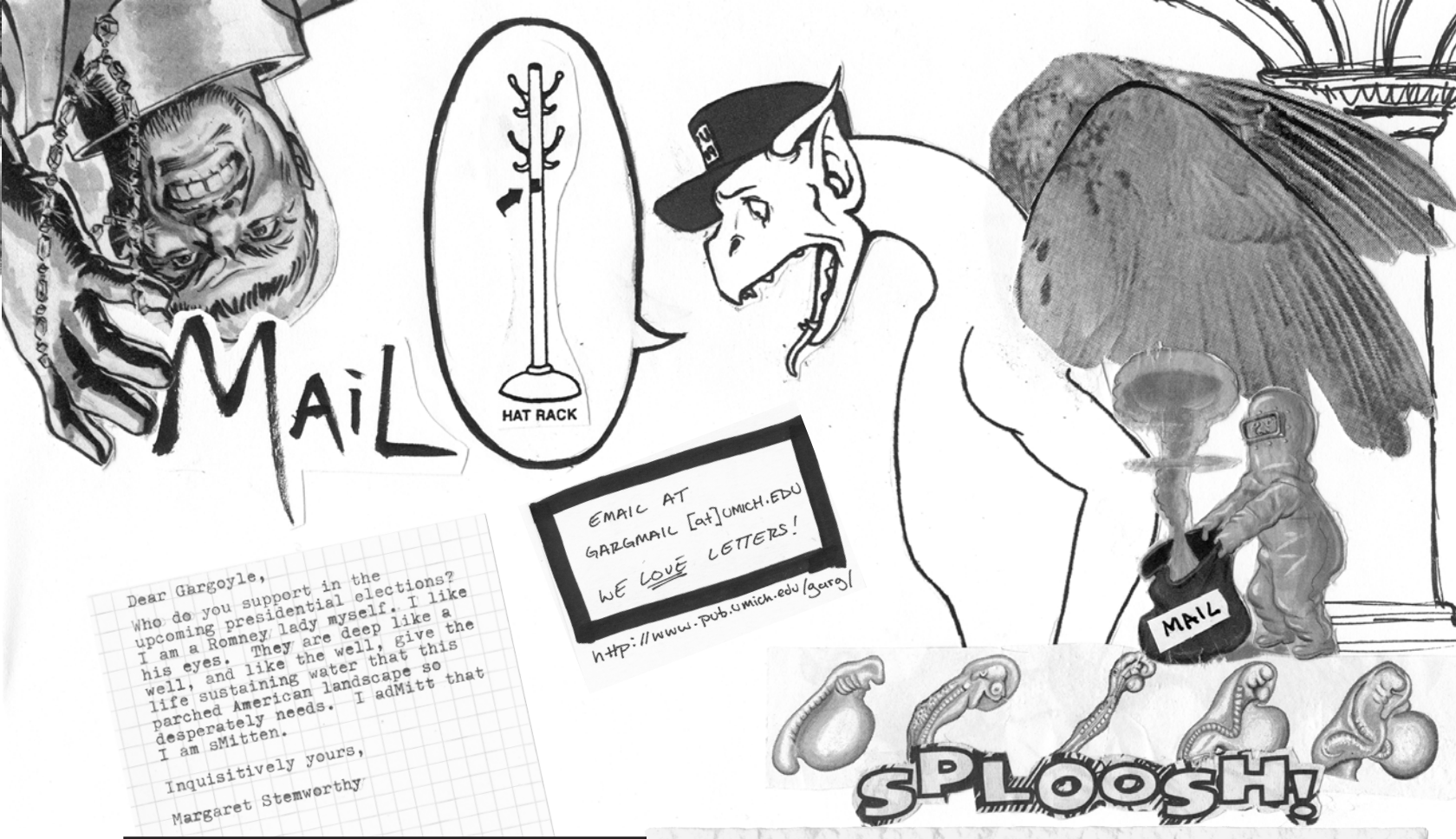
Is this art? Prose writing, especially entertaining writing, never seems to pass muster as art. There's also the fact that within the Gargoyle, one is more likely to find words like, "frotteur," "cunt," or "wankdandered," which, I believe, preclude one from membership in the artistic community (or signal immediate induction – art is complicated!).

Also, Zack Beauvais, the master behind the Foghat article received a very nice Christmas card from the band that showed us just how slow a ride could be. The Gargoyle is moving up in the world, yessir.

By the way, this is how I've always seen myself. →



NEPHTA, QUEEN OF THE GIANT BIRDS, RETURNS VICTORIOUSLY TO HER FOLLOWERS.



Dear Gargoyle,

Who do you support in the upcoming presidential elections? I am a Romney lady myself. I like his eyes. They are deep like a well, and like the well, give the life sustaining water that this parched American landscape so desperately needs. I adMitt that I am sMitten.

Inquisitively yours,

Margaret Stemworthy

Dear Ms. Stemworthy,

As always, we wholeheartedly throw our support behind Mr. Sen.Dr.Edward Kennedy as our candidate for President of these United States. Though he is not officially running, we believe that he will make a surprise announcement on the eve of the convention. It is our understanding that he is too busy living in the shadows of his brothers and being bitter and drunk to actually campaign, though the latest polls suggest he would be an easy front-runner. We also hope that Senator Kennedy chooses former president Clinton as his faithful running mate and brother in debauchery. As far as you and Gov. Romney are concerned we would like to extend our gratitude for potentially delivering such a defeatable candidate for the Democratic party. Kudos.

Chappaquiddick in '08,
Gargoyle

Dear Gargoyle

I have offended the sex, many times over.

Respectfully,

Fat Sylvester

DEAR GARGOYLE,

SO WHAT ABOUT THAT "BRAIN IN A VAT" THEORY? YOU BELIEVE IT? I THINK IT IS GARBAGE. MY BRAIN ISN'T IN A VAT, IT IS IN MY HEAD.

SINCERELY,

PROFESSOR GRITTY HARDSLAM

Dear Gargoyle,

I never thought it would happen to me. I was mountain biking outside San Raphael, California over winter break and I saw this beautiful girl hiking along the same trail. I slowed my bike, rang the bell, and winked as I passed her. I heard her giggle, so I stopped my bike a few yards ahead and went to introduce myself. One thing led to another and we ended up going back to her place. We made whoopee, twice! I left early the next morning and have not spoken to her since.

-Wenley P. Hicks

Dear Wenley,——

Want a fuckin' medal or something?

-Gargoyle

Dear Gargoyle,

Please inform me as to the most tactful and discreet manner in which a lactating man may purchase a breast-pump.

- Unfortunate victim of the female-centric post-natal supply industry

!! CORRECTION !!
YASER CARCORA WROTE "ZEN COCK" IN OUR LAST ISSUE.
-ED.

Yaser was also not credited in the last issue. I'm sorry!
-Ed.

The B.I.G. Curve

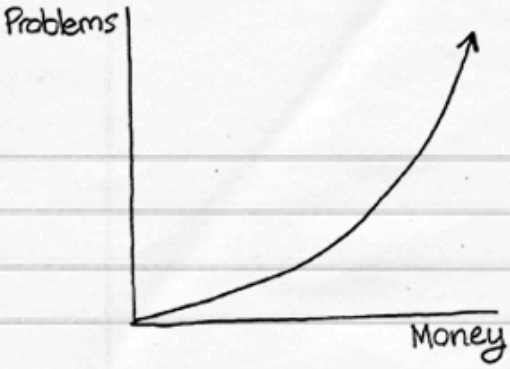


Figure 1.01: One of the earliest pioneers in Gangsta Rap Economics, The Notorious B.I.G. was the first to discover the positive correlation between money and problems. Upon close inspection of the graph, one will notice that "mo' money" actually equals "mo' problems."

50 Cent's Principle of Time

Figure 1.02: In recent years, Fitty has made valuable contributions in the field of chronic studies. Here we have his well-known principle of time: Note that the period of time is left unspecified, leading one to conclude that 50 Cent must get high all the time.

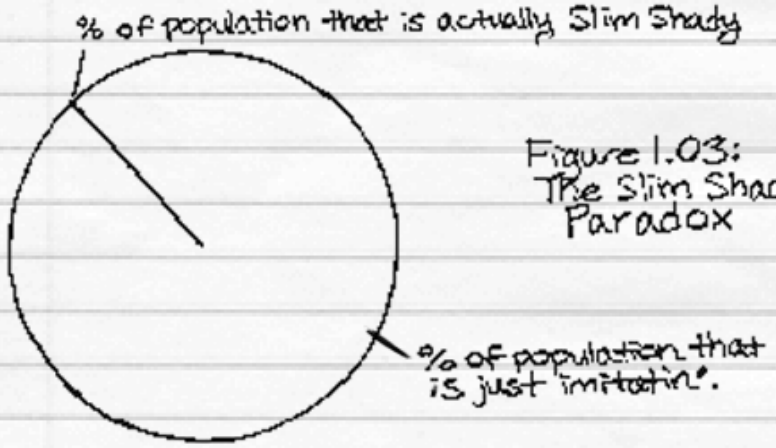


Figure 1.03: The Slim Shady Paradox

The Hammertime Principle

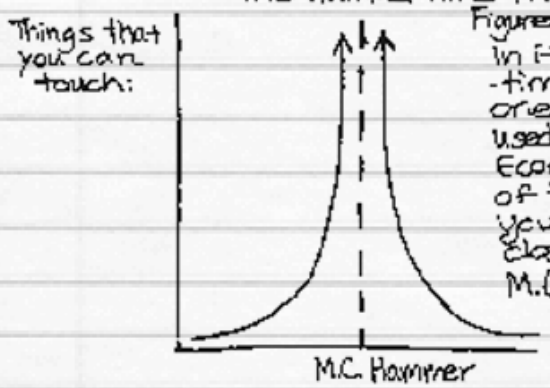


Figure 1.04: While fairly obvious in its simplicity, the Hammer-time Principle is nonetheless one of the most commonly used theorems in Gangsta Rap Economics: "Given any amount of things you can touch, you may come infinitely close to, but never intersect, M.C. Hammer."

A Ven Diagram of Big Daddy Kane's Law

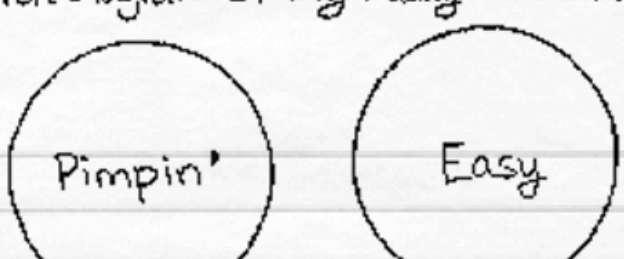


Figure 1.05: This is a visual representation of Big Daddy Kane's seminal work in ho studies. The 2 circles of the diagram never overlap - giving witness to what many experts consider to be the most fundamental of truths: "Pimpin' ain't easy."

Luda's Postulate of Ho's:

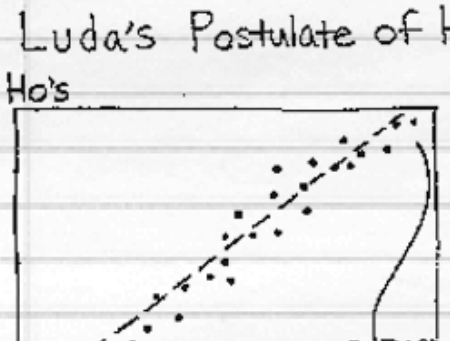


Figure 1.06: Notice that because no 2 ho's occupy the same area code, it's not technically cheating.
Of course, this is but an enhanced graphical representation of pimpin' on a small scale. If we were to graph the aggregate scatter plots we would observe a global trend i.e. "Pimpin' all over the world." (See Figure 1.07)

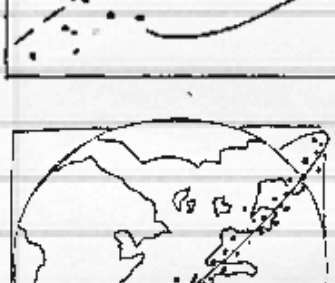


Figure 1.07

Jay-Z's Law:

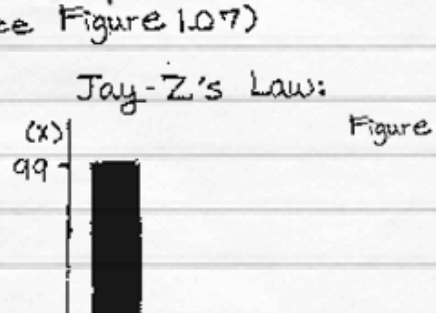
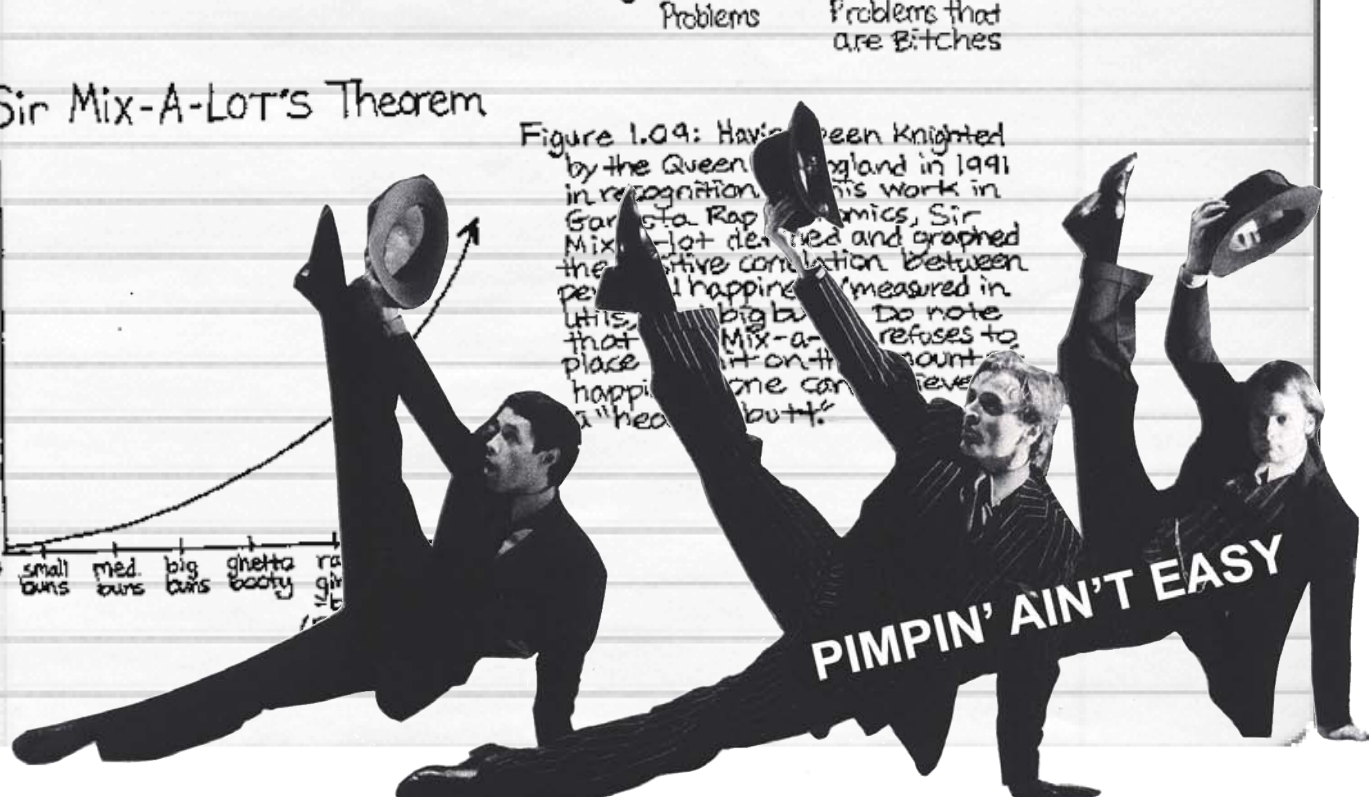
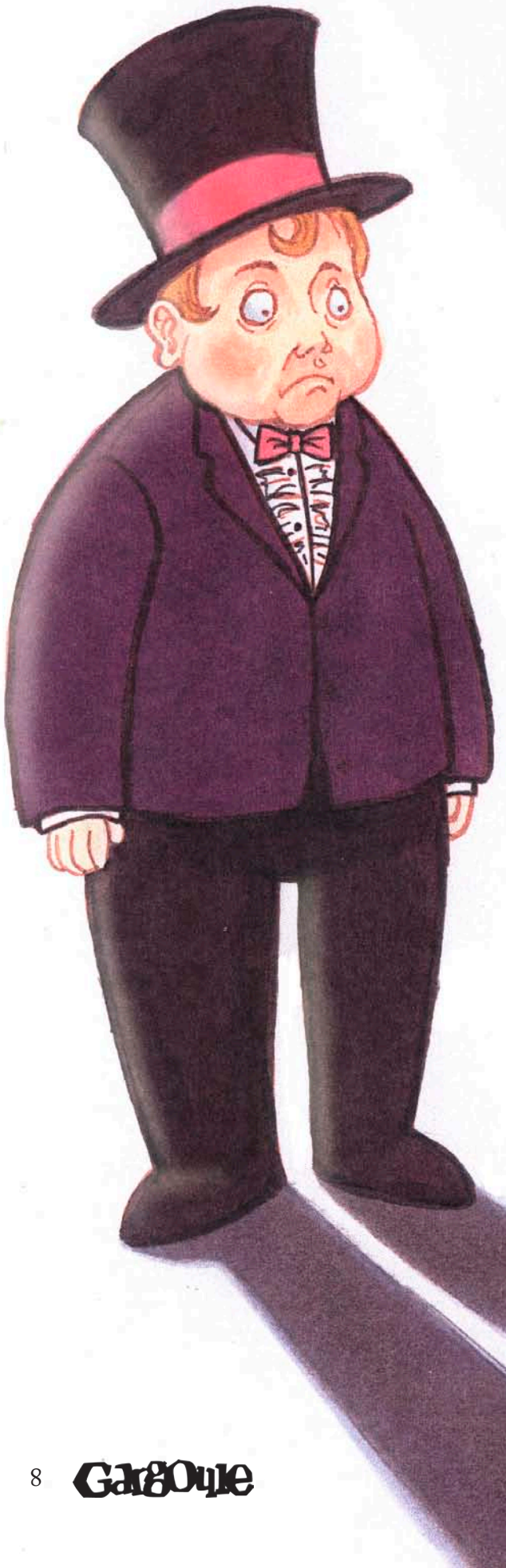


Figure 1.08

Sir Mix-A-Lot's Theorem

Figure 1.09: Having been Knighted by the Queen of England in 1991 in recognition of his work in Gangsta Rap economics, Sir Mix-A-Lot developed and graphed the positive correlation between personal happiness measured in utils, and big booty. Do note that Sir Mix-a-Lot refuses to place a limit on the amount of happiness one can achieve with a "head to butt."





Rodney the Most Unfortunate Man

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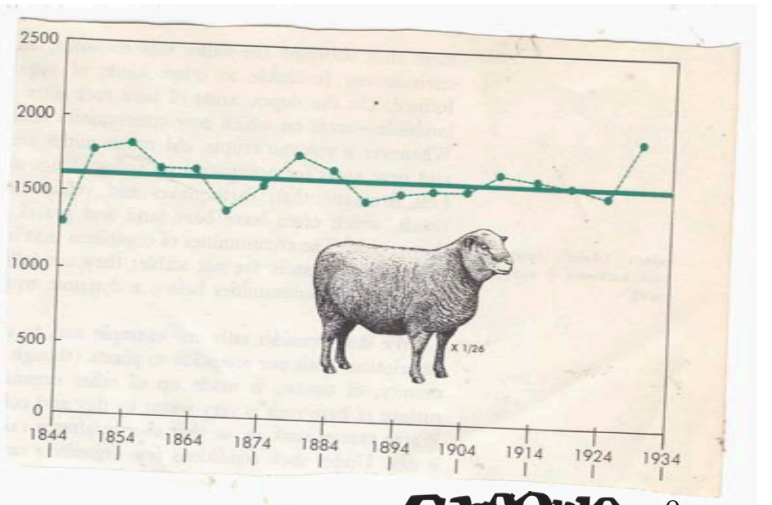
Figure 18 · 13
A problem in learning.



the Renaissance in Space

By Cathy Fisher

The Italian Renaissance has long been known as a time of enormous innovation in the realms of art, mathematics, and philosophy. But in his new book, *Medici to the Moon: The First Space Race*, famed historian Dr. Giacomo Marenzio suggests we add "rocket science" to that list as well.

The book is based upon a collection of blueprints, letters, and essays discovered last winter in the basement of Tutti Frutti, a Florentine gelateria.

"Soon after getting my hands on the Frutti Papers, it became clear to me that this was big — really big," Marenzio explained in a prepared statement. "I knew right away that they were the biggest historical find of the century."

The papers, he claims, are plans for the first ever manned missions to space. He estimates that they date back to early in the 16th century and, based on handwriting analysis, that nearly every big name of the Renaissance was a contributor, from Da Vinci to Michelangelo to Machiavelli. This 16th century "dream team" was assembled and funded by the influential and obscenely wealthy Medici family to tackle what is described in the Frutti Papers' mission statement as "the final frontier…the land of our Holy Father." This rambling twelve-page outline for the project goes on to describe in detail such issues as how to breach the "glistening vaporous spheres" which surround the Earth, how man's humors respond to changing air pressure, and whether or not they would be stopped at some point by St. Peter.

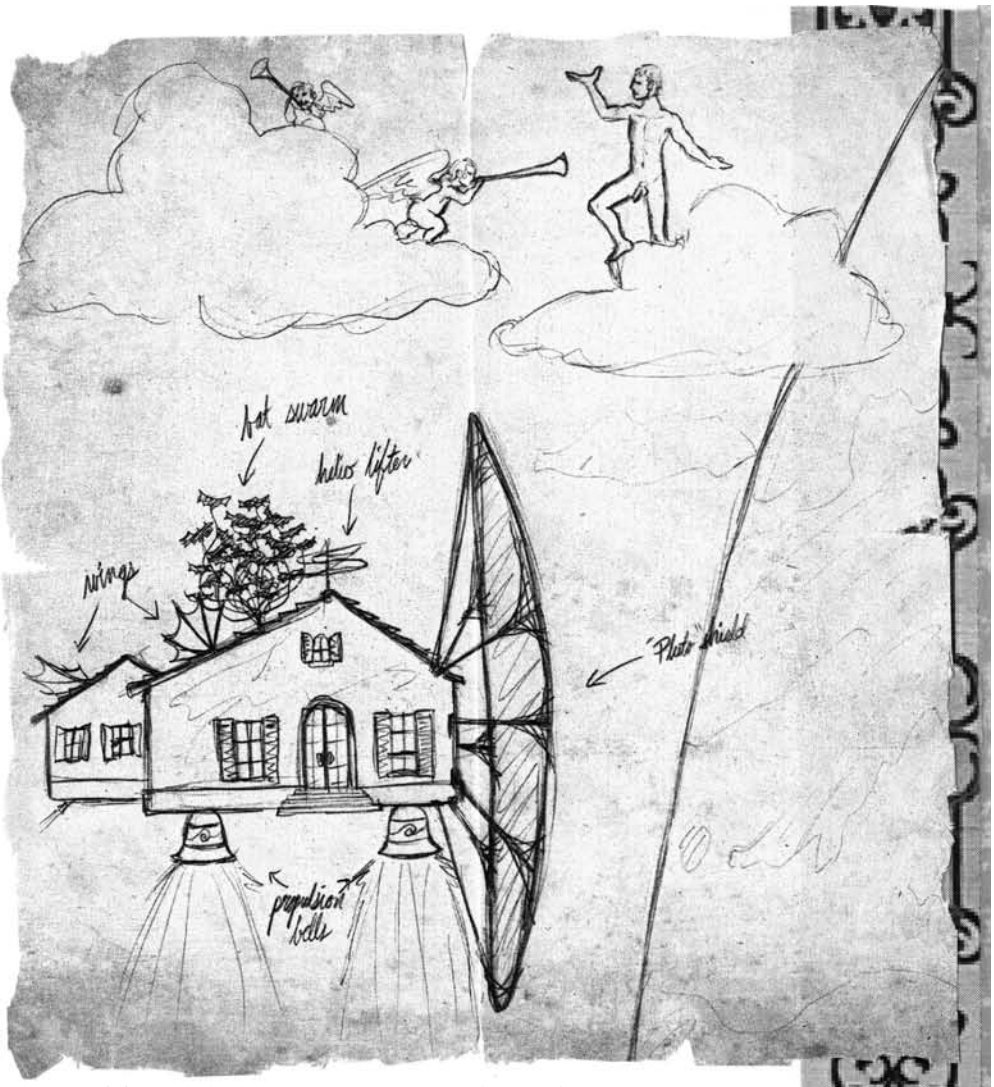
Three men piloted the first ever spacecraft, powered primarily by a substance similar to gunpowder and a rudimentary bicycle: Cosimo the Bald, a Medici flunkie considered expendable enough to send on the voyage; Lorenzo Tenaglia, a slow-witted blacksmith relegated mostly to pedaling; and the elderly but vivacious Leonardo da Vinci.

All evidence in the papers seems to indicate that their first attempt failed, at least in that they did not arrive in Heaven. They instead spent four days in orbit before — thanks to Da Vinci's ingenuity and Tenaglia's mechanical skill — managing to reenter the atmosphere and, remarkably, land in the Adriatic, not far off the coast of Ravenna. Cosimo, a weak swimmer, tragically drowned before he reached the shore. At this point, the disappointed Medici withdrew funding from the project and the scholars were forced to continue on their own wind.

The team responded to its initial failure with slight twinges of agnosticism and a firm determination to make the most of their new knowledge.

"At that point, I was forced to extrapolate a little," Marenzio admitted. "Compared to the beginning of their venture, there is almost no documentation on this final phase." A few cryptic sketches and letters seem to indicate that construction began, in extreme secrecy, on a new project.

This project was the world's first ever space station. More shocking still, this space station may still exist — we just know it as Pluto. Although the vast majority of the scientific world holds that Pluto is a large, frigid, rocky mass located more than 4.4 billion kilometers away from the Sun, Marenzio's research indicates that it is a mere 12 miles away from the surface of the Earth, only 200 feet in diameter, and what we perceive to be the surface of the planet is simply a large piece of painted canvas over a wooden frame. This frame shields the bulk of the station — an airtight, pressurized Italian villa. Working closely with art historians, Marenzio has identified Michelangelo as the painter of the canvas shield by the profusion of idealized young men and mannish women with ersatz breasts in the shadows of craters. It's apparent by the number of devices attached to the station's exterior (including wings, rudimentary propellers, and a swarm of bats, each individually tied to the villa's roof by a string) that none of its designers knew exactly what would be necessary to keep their grand fortress of solitude in orbit.



This rare sketch, made public here for the first time, has been attributed to both Da Vinci and Michelangelo.

Despite these seeming ineptitudes, it's clear that the station was a success. It remains in excellent condition and seems to still be following its intended orbital path. More astonishing still, thermal imaging has indicated that after five hundred years, life is still present within the villa. NASA is currently working closely with Italian linguists to plan a mission to deliver a carefully drafted letter and several attractive pre-pubescent boys as a peace offering to whatever remains of the Renaissance, since attempts to contact them with modern means have so far been unsuccessful.

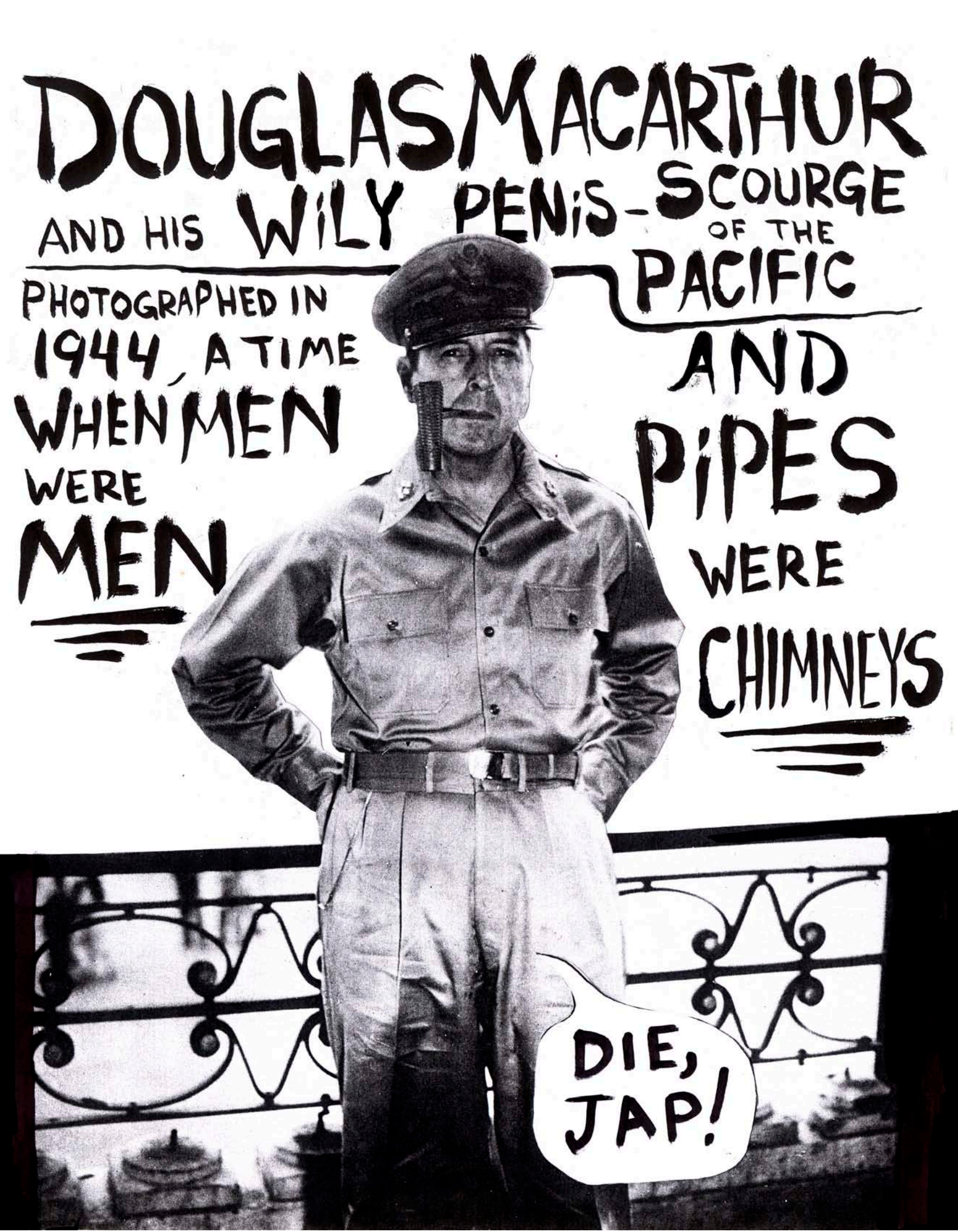
Marenzio's book concludes thusly: "All of this is fantastic and wonderful, of course, but in the end, are we really surprised?"

DOUGLAS MACARTHUR

AND HIS WILY PENIS - SCOURGE OF THE PACIFIC

PHOTOGRAPHED IN 1944, A TIME WHEN MEN WERE MEN

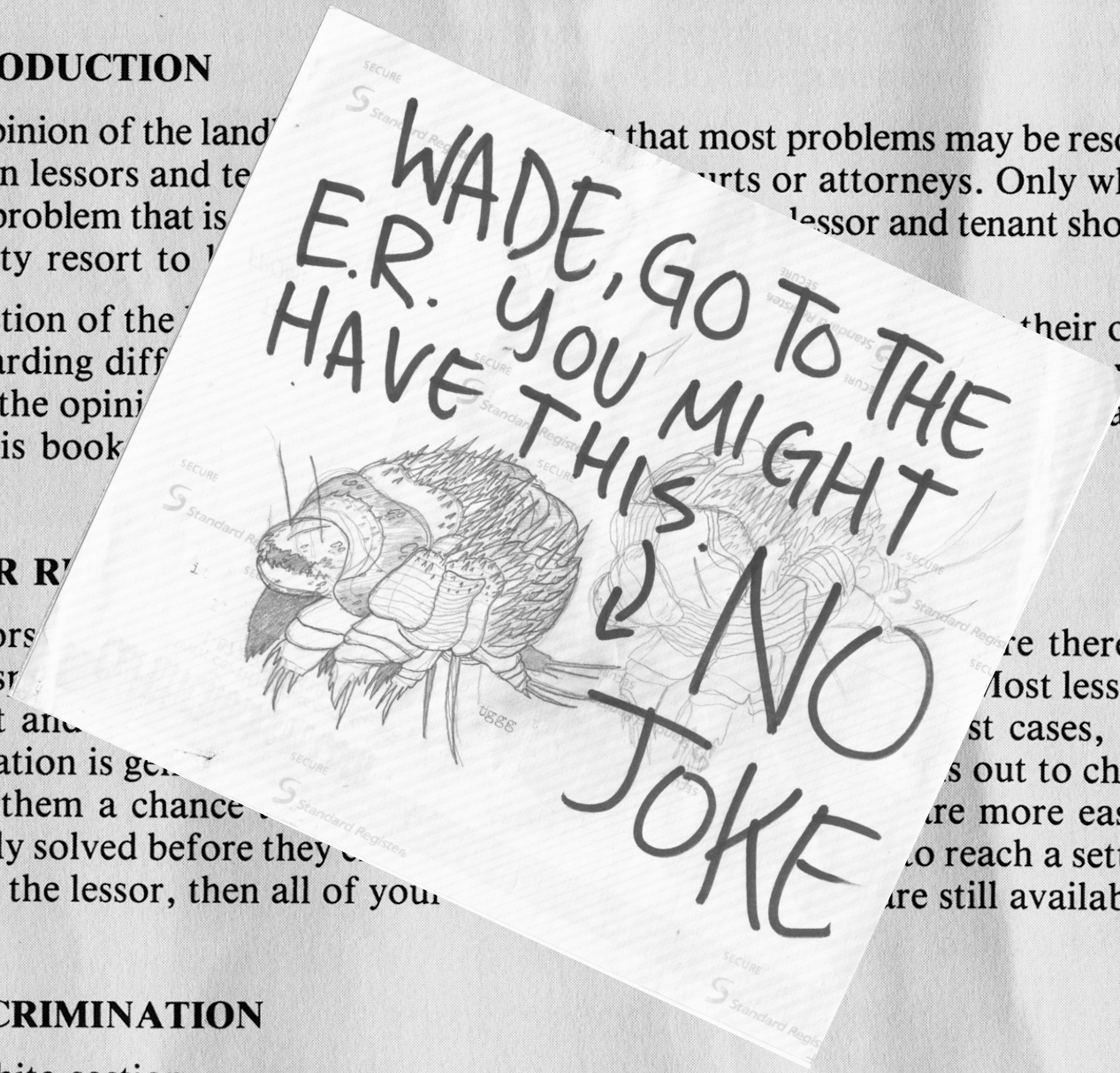
AND PIPES WERE CHIMNEYS



I INTRODUCTION

It is the opinion of the land[illegible] that most problems may be resolved between lessors and te[illegible]urts or attorneys. Only when there is a problem that is [illegible]essor and tenant should either party resort to [illegible]

In this section of the [illegible]their opinions regarding diff[illegible]will represent the opini[illegible]ara-tion of this book[illegible]



II YOUR R[illegible]

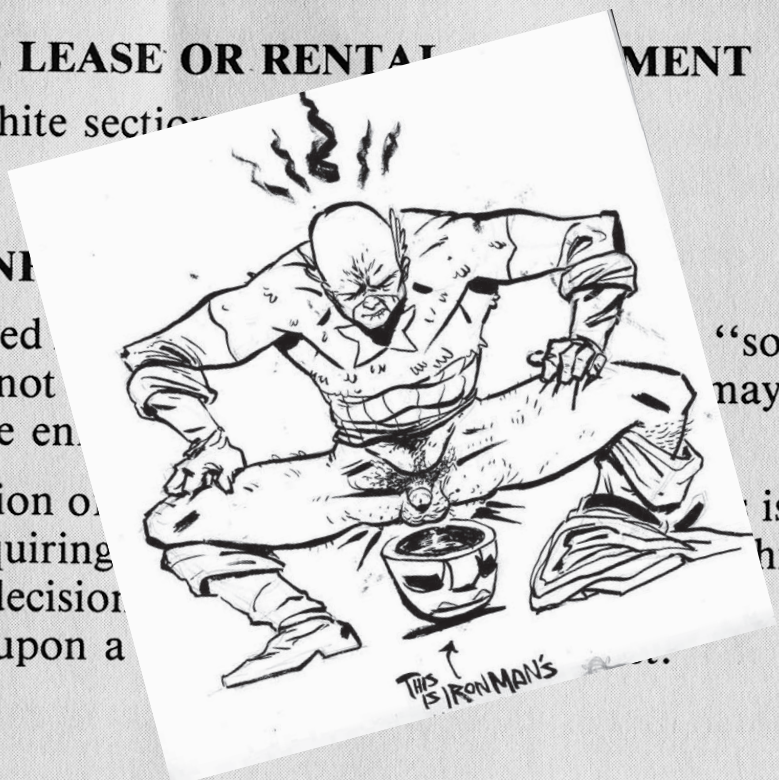
Both lessors[illegible]re there is mutual resp[illegible]Most lessors are honest and[illegible]st cases, the bad reputation is ge[illegible]s out to cheat you; give them a chance[illegible]re more easily and quickly solved before they [illegible]o reach a settlement with the lessor, then all of you[illegible]re still available.

III DISCRIMINATION

See the white section.

IV THE LEASE OR RENTA[illegible]MENT

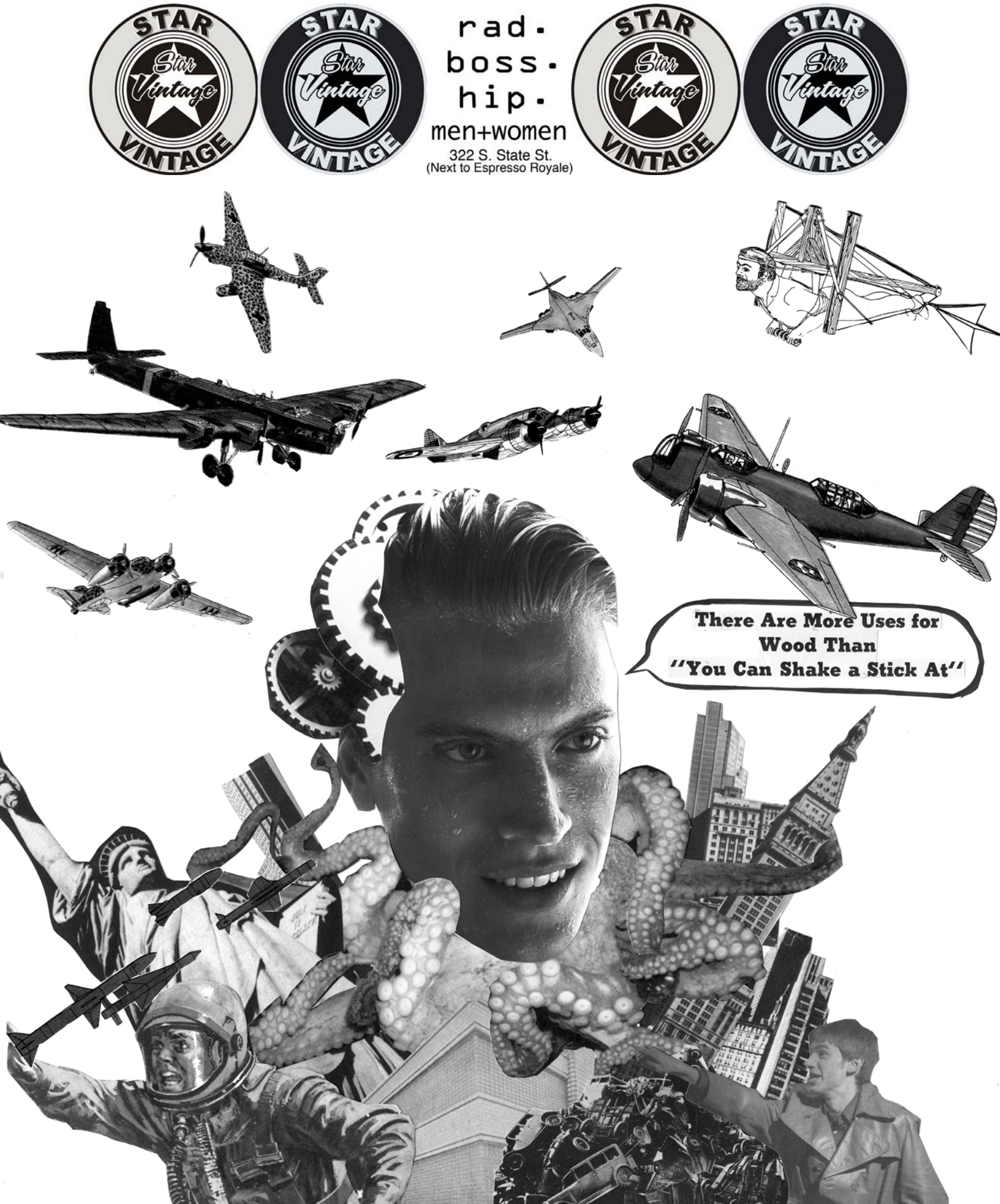
See the white sectio[illegible]



V UNENF[illegible]

As indicated [illegible]"some clauses contained in some leases are not [illegible]may be unenforceable, most lease clauses are en[illegible]

The question o[illegible]is a very serious and technical matter requiring [illegible]his reason, it is very important that any decisio[illegible]lease as being unenforceable be based upon a [illegible]


STAR
Star Vintage
VINTAGE
rad.
boss.
hip.
men+women
322 S. State St.
(Next to Espresso Royale)
There Are More Uses for
Wood Than
"You Can Shake a Stick At"

Mr. Franklin's Nose

A Comedy in Two Acts by C. Fisher

Mr. Franklin, dressed only in a bathrobe, walks down the stairs and into his kitchen, where Mrs. Franklin waits, nursing a cup of coffee.

MR FRANKLIN

Good God, why haven't you called that plumber yet? I can't stand it in there!

MRS FRANKLIN

I didn't want to call him on a weekday.

MR FRANKLIN

For pete's sake, woman!

MRS FRANKLIN

Pete! That's it!

MR FRANKLIN

That's what?

MRS FRANKLIN

Oh, never you mind, dear.

(the audience applauds)

MR FRANKLIN

What? What?

(End Act One)

Act Two

(The [redacted] scene opens on an abandoned stretch of desert wastes. A few tumbleweeds roll across the stage and a coyote howls ominously in the distance. Mr. Franklin enters.)

MR FRANKLIN

(still in his bathrobe)

Well this is a fine state of affairs we're in!

MRS FRANKLIN

(off-stage)

What, dear?

MR FRANKLIN

(louder)

I said it's a fine state of affairs!

MRS FRANKLIN

Oh yes, I should say so!

(she enters, carrying a coyote puppy)

MRS FRANKLIN

This one is just right, I think.

MEPHISTO

Tonight we shall feast.

MRS FRANKLIN

Yes.

MRS FRANKLIN

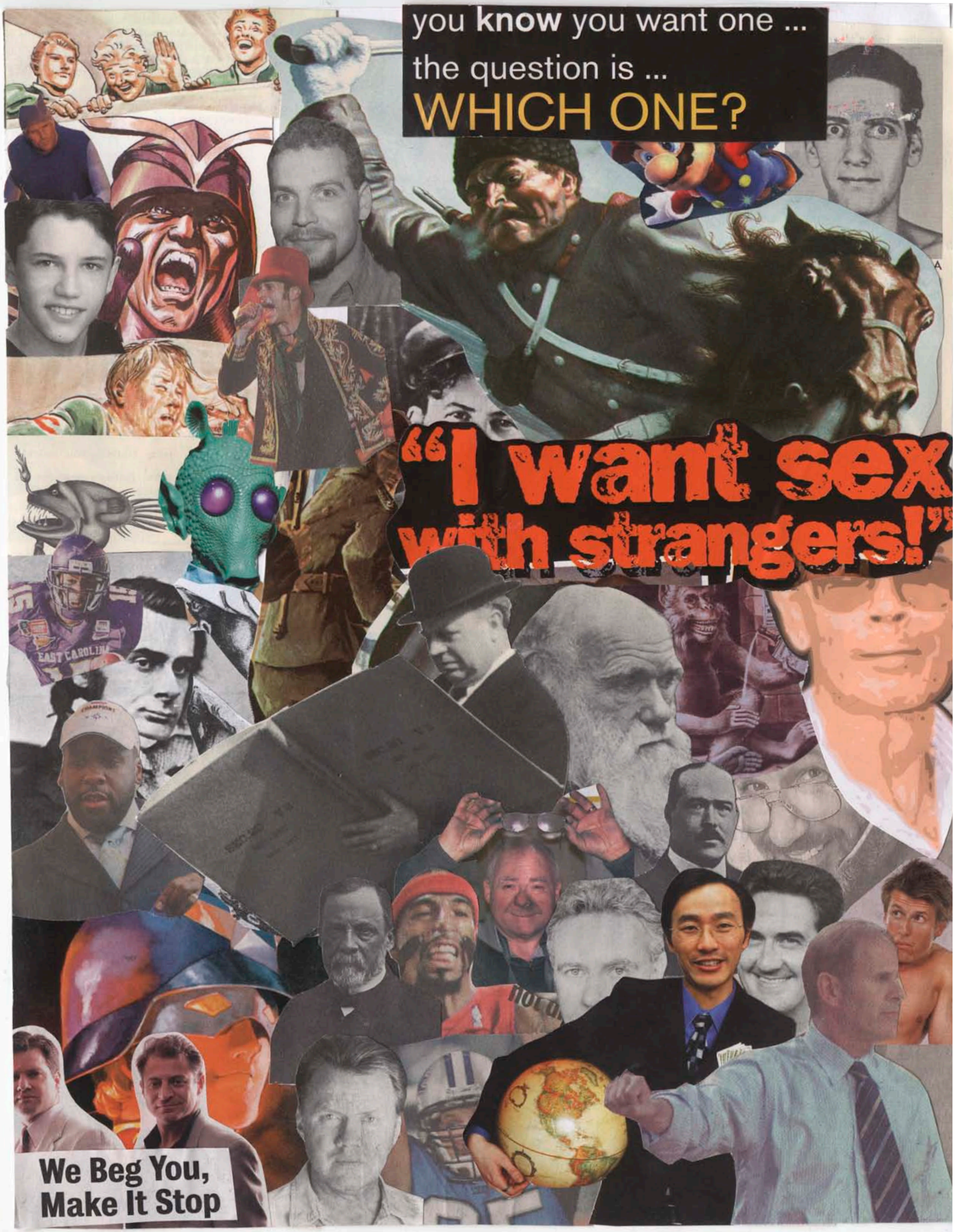
I hope we'll find Dennis before sunrise.

LOUIS THE CHILD

I am confident we will succeed.

THE END

HEY
THERE


you **know** you want one ...
the question is ...
WHICH ONE?
"I want sex with strangers!"
We Beg You, Make It Stop

Junk for your trunk. It's winter and those roads are icy. Patented blend of textbooks, bowling balls, and severed limbs will hold down your rear wheels. $20.00/lb
Email:Hackersl4kr@sideways.com

Seeking: weary, ugly middle-aged Caucasian women, to star in advertisement for prescription antidepressants. Preferably heavyset, with stringy hair and noticeable signs of aging. Applicant can expect her likeness to be digitally enhanced in part of the advertisement, to suggest that a person as unattractive as her can lead a fulfilling life with the aid of this product.

Decrepit septuagenarian with pool desired. Arthritis a must, as well as tumors, goiters, and ganglions. Must be able to tie a single-handed bale sling hitch, catshank, corn-beef knot, and "Ashley's Bend." Advertiser seeking willing

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We're looking for new footage for an anti-syphilis video. If you or someone you know has been killed or gruesomely disfigured by syphilis, don't hesitate – send your photos and videos in today! 606 Mason St., Toledo OH 43604

We're looking for new footage for an anti-Mitt Romney video. If you or someone you know has been killed or gruesomely disfigured by Mitt Romney, don't hesitate – send your photos and videos in today! 607 Mason St., Toledo OH 43604

Seeking transsexual client for adult film. Must be able to withstand the pain of wooden splinters in the genitals. Call 313-GSTRING

Hey you! Are you going to get liposuction or an abortion? We want to film your procedure in excruciating detail for a Discovery Channel special! Call 408-253-0954 for more information.

---

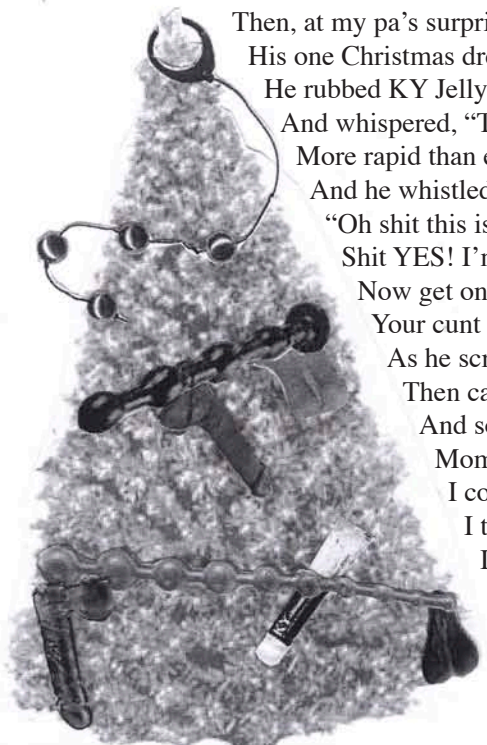
300 small middle-aged women who in some way resemble children and speak in lilting, haunting, tinny voices needed for elaborate surprise party. Must possess a white sequined unitard. Auditions for tinny voice, lilting to be held on site.

WANTED! Roast turkey-shaped Streamline trailer. Color not an issue. Will pay with can of beans and rusty spoons.

HOT NEW SUMMER PIERCINGS
Five Finger: Express your laziness for laziness and uselessness.
IMPALEMENT: Also called the Oprah. This sort of self-induced agony is sure to get you that extra attention.
Soul Piercing: Achieve new levels of atheistic rebellion by desecrating your temple in a cool, marketable fashion
Double Boob Stud: It's all just silicon anyway. A consistent way to lift and separate or to make a tight fit depending on one's mood.
Liver Ring: Its already spotted, so why not give it some support so it doesn't collapse in the middle of the party.

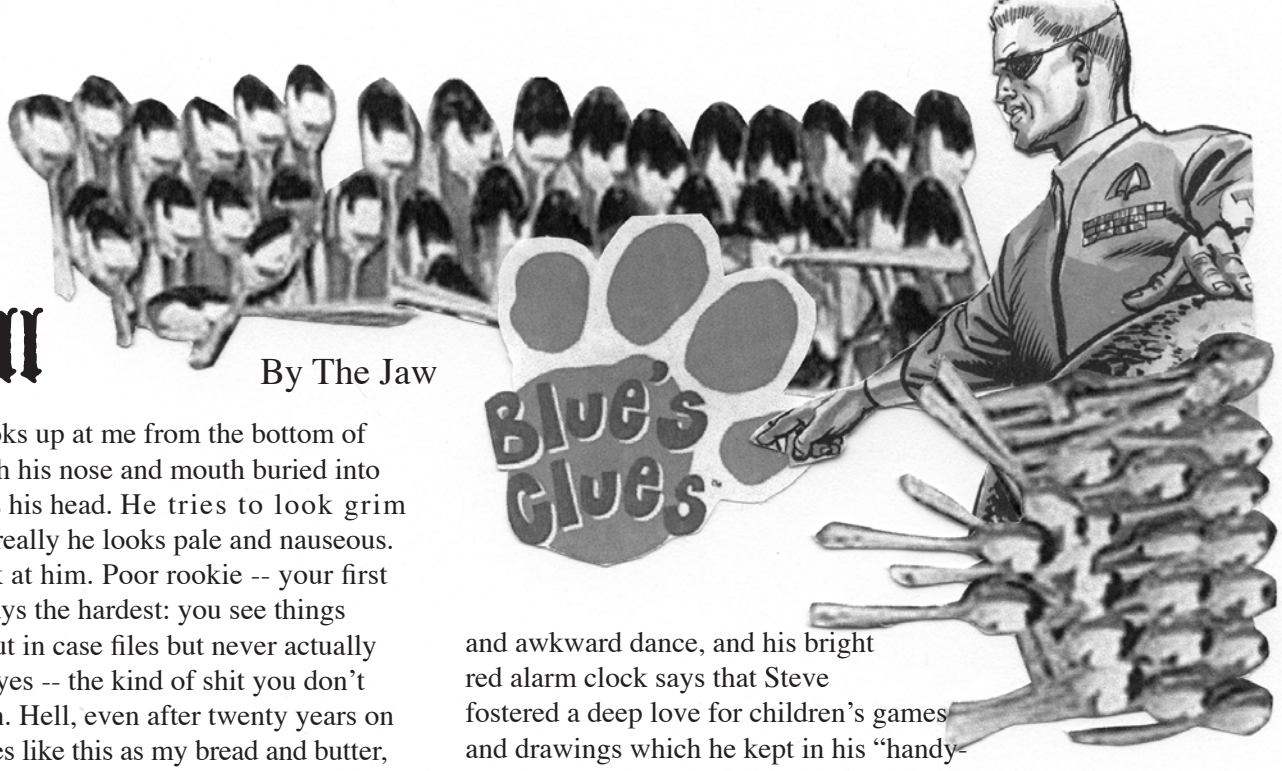
Naughty Before Christmas

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house
Went thoughts of Mamma removing her blouse;
At dinner Mom and Dad had had too much eggnog,
Mom ripped off her clothes and Dad whipped out his log;
We children went shaking with fear to our beds,
With frightening visions of Mom giving head;
Wet with excitement, her face in dad's lap,
She sucked him retarded and emptied his sac;
When he was done there arose such a clatter,
Mom smirked with pride as she wiped off the spatter.
After a minute she asked him for more,
And he replied, "Why you loose, dirty whore…"
They climbed the stairs and continued in bed,
Now we could hear every word that was said.
The moon lit Mom's breasts, her side, then her back,
As she turned and asked, "Baby, please fuck my ass."
Then, at my pa's surprised eye was a tear,
His one Christmas dream would come true this year;
He rubbed KY Jelly all over his dick,
And whispered, "This might be done sorta quick…"
More rapid than eagles on cocaine did he come,
And he whistled and shouted, as he fucked Mamma numb;
"Oh shit this is great—my hot sexy Vixen!
Shit YES! I'm coming! Oh FUCK this is bitchin'!
Now get on your back—let me see that twat!
Your cunt smells so tangy—it gets me so hot!"
As he screamed, I thought, "Dear God, why?"
Then came more pounding; I started to cry.
And so up to morning they fucked themselves blue,
Mom just kept on thinking of new things to do.
I couldn't handle it, begged for no more,
I thought to myself, "Man, Mom is a whore."
I drew my covers to my head, but frowned,
There simply was no way to drown out the sound.
I decided to end this, and walked to their room,
And found my dad screwing my mom with a broom.
I quickly attempted to cover my eyes,
But to my horror, I started to…rise.
Before my parents could see me at all,
I sprang from the room, and I ran down the hall;
At first I froze in confusion and fear,
But then I was hit by some Christmas cheer;
I felt for my parents a strong sense of love,
Then sprinted to rub one off in the tub;
I went back to bed, feeling all right,
And said, "Merry fucking Christmas.
What a great night."



Blue's Big Chill

By The Jaw



O'Donald looks up at me from the bottom of the shallow grave with his nose and mouth buried into his sleeve, and shakes his head. He tries to look grim and determined, but really he looks pale and nauseous. I shake my head back at him. Poor rookie -- your first homicide case is always the hardest: you see things you've only read about in case files but never actually seen with your own eyes -- the kind of shit you don't ever want to see again. Hell, even after twenty years on the force working cases like this as my bread and butter, I ain't never seen anything like this one. Decapitated bodies covered in bright blue paw prints just aren't that common.

I check the facts: County septic services received a call from the neighbors who had become distraught over the "disturbing, putrid odor" coming from the yard next door. It didn't take them long to stumble across the body, buried only a few inches beneath the surface of the lawn. That's how most shallow graves get found –- people notice the smell. That's why we get so many calls right after it rains. Long story short, my partner and I got called in along with a couple of squad cars to tape off the crime scene and start digging for leads. The people next door identified the body –- minus the head –- by its lime and dark peppermint green striped sweater as the corpse of their neighbor Steve, a cheerful young man in his late twenties. They went on to describe him as "a mentally retarded man-child" and a "slightly-less-creepy Pee-Wee Herman."

I start my investigation in the house of the recently deceased –- a nightmare of bright pastels and crookedly-drawn walls and doors. Upon closer inspection, I discover that all of the surfaces and foundations of the house are drawn out of crayon. And all of the furniture in the house can fucking talk. What kind of god-forsaken place have I wandered into? The first objects I come across -- a pair of salt and pepper shakers with French accents -- tell me Steve was "a happy man with no enemies." The bar of soap tells me he was prone to enthusiastic outbursts of song and awkward dance, and his bright red alarm clock says that Steve fostered a deep love for children's games and drawings which he kept in his "handy-dandy notebook." I take a look at one of the pictures of Steve on the wall and pull it down.

"Who's this in the picture with Steve?" I ask the alarm clock, who calls himself Tick-Tock.

"That's Blue."

"Who's Blue?"

"She's Steve's dog. They're always playing games together."

"Where is she now?"

"I don't know; she disappeared. She's always running off."

Interesting. I take the picture with me. I'm on my way out of the house through the kitchen when I spot the knife on the counter top. It's a long, serrated son of a bitch -- the kind you might use to carve a Christmas turkey with, or a person. On the side of the shining blade is another blue paw print identical to the ones on the body. I put on gloves and pick it up. As soon as I do, all of Steve's talking shit bursts into the room like a parade, dancing and singing in a circle around me.

"A CLUE! A CLUE! YOU FOUND A CLUE!!!"

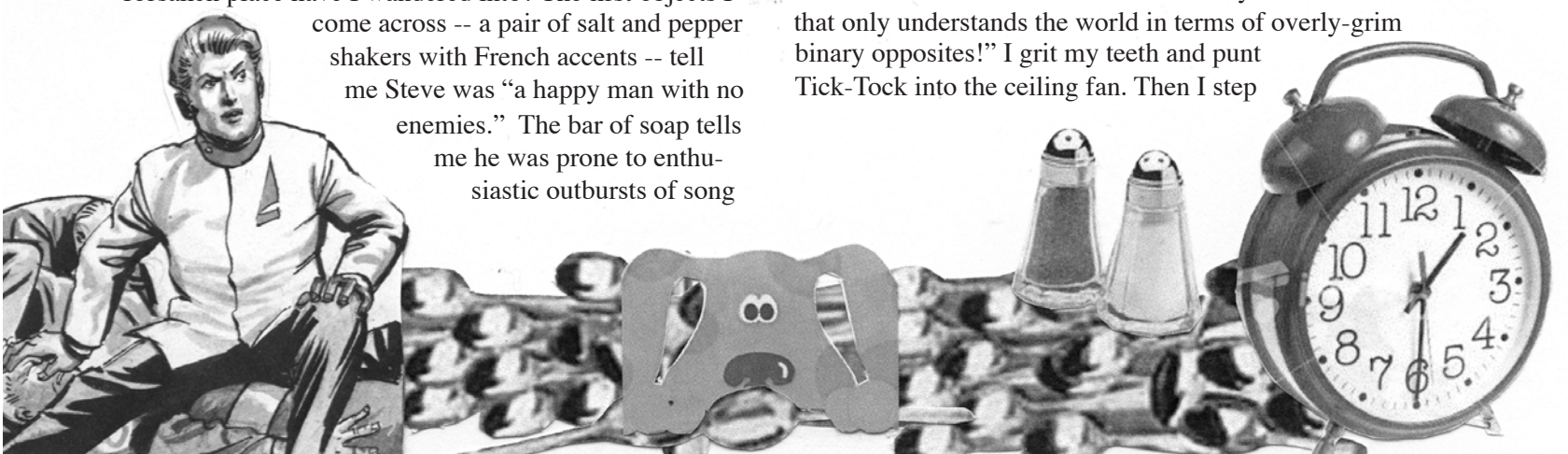
"What the fuck?"

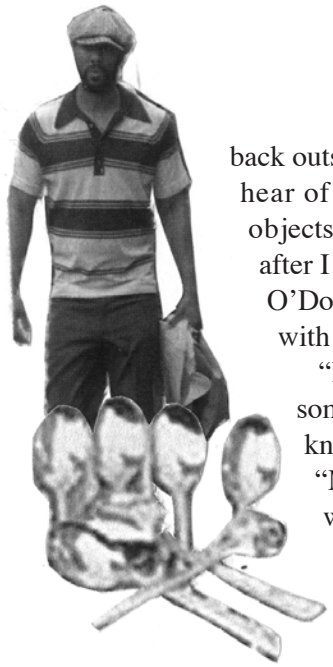
"A CLLLUUUUUUUEEEEEEEE!!!!"

"No, stop it, I--"

"CLLOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!"

"God damn this Satan-house! My character is one that only understands the world in terms of overly-grim binary opposites!" I grit my teeth and punt Tick-Tock into the ceiling fan. Then I step





back outside to find my partner. I can hear of the rest of the household objects continuing to rejoice even after I slam the door behind me. O'Donald is examining the body with our forensics expert.

"I found a clu-- I mean I found something." I show them the knife with the paw print on it. "My guess is it's the murder weapon, and this is my primary suspect." I show them both the picture of Steve and Blue.

"The knife-as-the-murder-weapon part of your theory sounds likely," O'Donald replies. "This body is covered in puncture wounds on the chest and back. I'm still waiting for the Blacky the lab technician to finish up here, though."

"Blacky?"

"Yeah, you remember. He's the inspirational, well-spoken, never-angry African-American fellow who grew up on the hard streets of Compton before graduating from Princeton. He has a Ph.D. in Forensic Science and bachelor's degree in Street Smarts from the School of Hard Knocks. He also bears a striking resemblance to Ice T. We accept him because he provides us with a positive, non-threatening African-American role model that soothes our hidden racial prejudices and assuages our white guilt."

"Oh right. What have you got for me, Blacky?"

"Man, growing up on the streets was tough. I'm sorry to say that all of my tests are fairly inconclusive. There is absolutely no semen on this body, which leads me to believe that this crime wasn't committed by a human being. It certainly supports your theory that Blue killed Steve: All of my years of forensic studies have taught me that an ordinary criminal would have definitely ejaculated on the body after killing him, maybe more than once. Did I mention that I'm from the streets?"

"Don't worry, Blacky. We know you are." I smile as I pat him on the shoulder paternally.

"Hey, what's that?" Blacky points back at the house. Leaning next to the back door is a shovel with blood on its blade and a blue paw print boldly stamped on the handle. "A clue!"

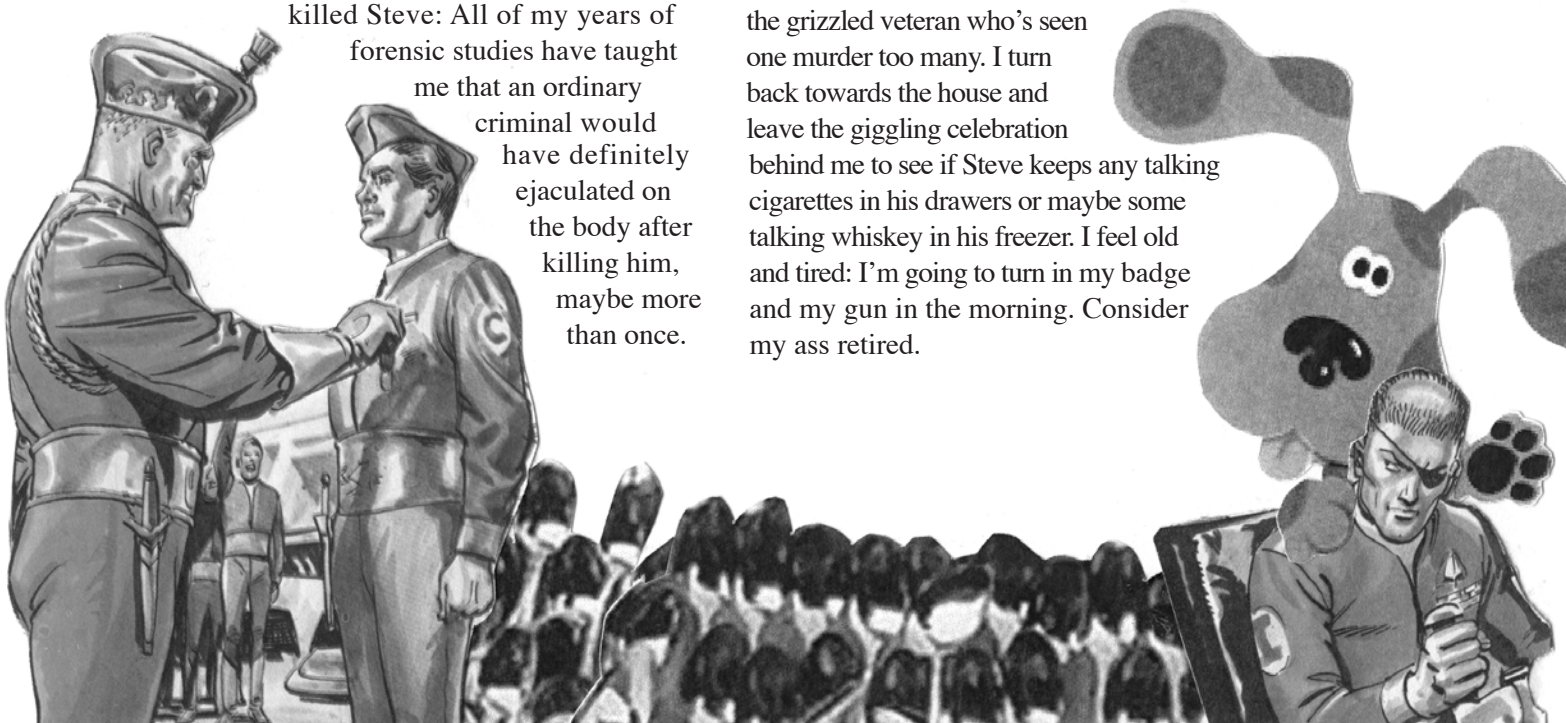
"No! Don't say that word!" I try to warn him but it's too late. The circus of happy household objects smashes the door to splinters and line dance their way across the lawn.

"A CLLLUUUUEEEEE! BLACKY FOUND A CLLUUUUEEEE!" Salt and Pepper chorus together, holding aloft their child, Paprika.

"ALL HAIL THE CLUE-FINDER!" Tick-Tock hobbles forward, smiling through his smashed-in face.

"I think I know what happened here," O'Donald raises his voice over the noise of their jubilations. "Fed up with years of being talked down to by a mentally challenged adult, Blue took it upon herself to stab Steve to death in the yard. Afterwards, she decapitated him with the shovel and buried his corpse in a shallow grave, keeping the head of her former tormentor as a grotesque trophy!"

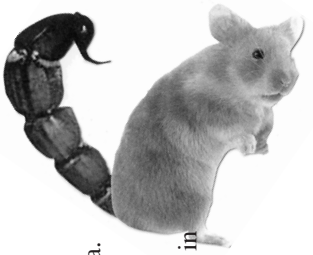
"YAAAAAY!! YOU JUST FIGURED OUT BLUE'S CLUES!!" The myriad of assorted appliances and spices burst into uproarious applause. They crowd beneath O'Donald and lift the smiling rookie into the air. Blacky is smiling too, laughing excitedly about how hard it is to grow up on the streets to anyone who will listen. Good job, O'Donald, I think to myself as I grind my teeth together and cover my ears. You're the new wonder kid detective, and I'm the grizzled veteran who's seen one murder too many. I turn back towards the house and leave the giggling celebration behind me to see if Steve keeps any talking cigarettes in his drawers or maybe some talking whiskey in his freezer. I feel old and tired: I'm going to turn in my badge and my gun in the morning. Consider my ass retired.



CHIMERA CATALOGUE

By Will Hilzinger

Thanks to a recent (and questionably legal) acquisition of genetic waste and used medical supplies, PlayinGod Corp. is proud to announce it latest line of DNA-modified SUPER PETS!!



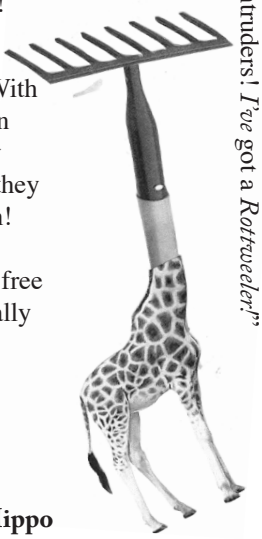
The Hamster/Scorpion

Do you have a hamster? Are you tired of daily feedings, replacing water dishes, and plain old evolutionary weakness? Then this is the pet to own! An adorable combination of the Teddy Bear Hamster and the Southern Devil Scorpion, this cuddly chimera can last for days without attention or acknowledgement! And, if you tickle the Sterpion just right, it'll stab itself in the head! The pet with endless independence AND entertainment value. Just watch your toes, and enjoy!

The Giraffe/Rake

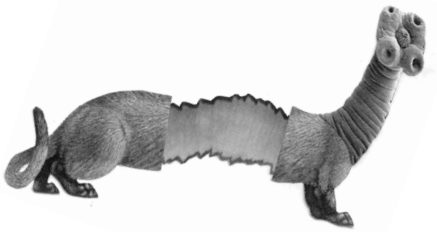
Hard-to-reach places are no match for this beast of burden. With a 15' vertical reach and a demeanor as subdued as the African Sahara, you'll love one of these around the house.* And why stop there? For outdoor use, get those autumn leaves before they even hit the ground! Yard work has never been this much fun! Extras, you ask? Just take a gander at our line of fashionable Girrake neckwear and accessories. Buy one knit booty, get a free A/C adapter! Highly recommended for the elderly or physically disadvantaged. Get your Girrake today!

*High ceilings recommended, must charge for at least 32 hours before use. PlayinGod Corp. not liable for damage caused by spontaneous combustion.



The Rottweiler/Electric Eel

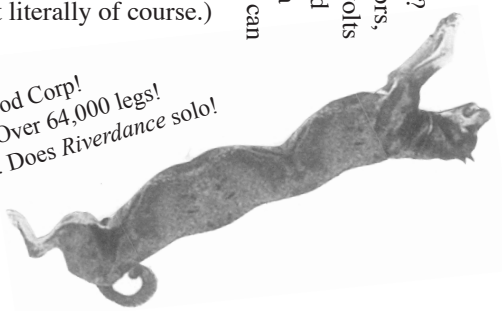
Do you love your family? Are you SURE? Well, then, why don't you already have an Electric Rottweeler!? The most brutal attack dog on the planet combined with the deadly stun of one of the sea's greatest predators, it's the guard dog you HAVE to have! It'll tear into the flesh of any would-be burglars, and pump several volts of electricity directly into their nervous system! *Several!* Elaborate security camera setups can be costly and complicated, while electric fences and punji pits may pose a danger to loved ones. As long as you've got a Rottweeler, you can rest easy knowing that you and your children are safe at night. Order now, so that you can say, "Take THAT, intruders! *I've* got a *Rottweeler!*"



The Legless Mini-Hippo

-This domesticated mammal is the perfect addition to any living space! In the dining room as the perfect centerpiece for family gatherings, a unique piece of modern "art du vie" for the den, or in the living room for the world's greatest ottoman! Having trouble with the in-laws? Your legless mini-hippo can be commanded to viciously snap at their ankles until they leave! Use it to shred (or at least seriously chomp up and drool on) papers, or to keep that quadriplegic uncle company! Hurry, they're going fast! (Not literally of course.)

Also from PlayinGod Corp!
-The Millipede/Octopus/Spider: Over 64,000 legs!
-The Michael Flatley/Centipede: Does *Riverdance* solo!



The Snake/Your Grandma

Have you always wanted a really big snake? Do you think it might be too hard to convince the neighbors that their cat "just ran away?" Then check out this spliced splendor! It's one part South American Death Adder, and one part your dear, sweet grandma. Knitting sweaters and eating small rodents is all in a day's work for this beauty; it promises to delight and amuse your friends! Not so much your friends' pet mice, gerbils, or kittens. Features include: an eight-foot body length, REAL snake skin exterior, and, best of all, removable fangs! That's right, removable fangs! So put your worries away and soak those hollow-point honeys in some oxy-dent, it's time to get the pet you always wanted!

The Tapeworm/Ferret

Ever wish you could take that favorite pet of yours to work? To class? To Cirque du Soleil? Now you can! All the adorable fuzziness of a ferret combined with the versatility of a tapeworm, it'll go where you go! INSIDE OF YOU! Just thinking about this little critter will tug at your heart strings.* Or intestines. Or lower bowel tract. BUYONERIGHTNOW!

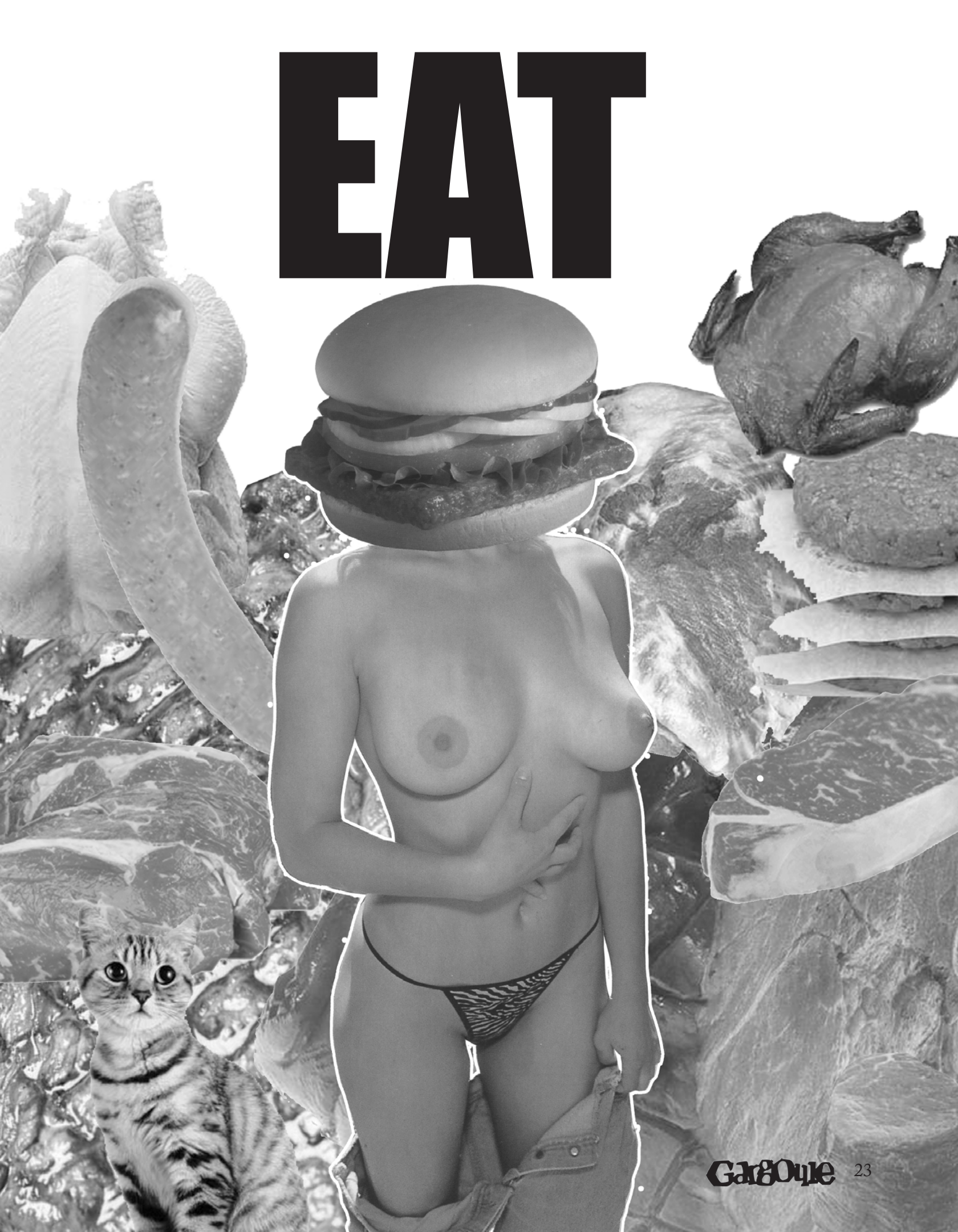
*Might actually lay eggs in your heart strings.

The Mongoose/Flamingo/Platypus

Look, we just wanted to try this one out. It's pretty funny. It twitches a lot and drools every now and again. One good thing is that scientific studies have proven its tears to possess numerous medicinal properties.* It may not be the liveliest, but you're sure to be the only one on your street with a Flamatagoose! Give us a call and put in your order. Hell, get two! They're not goin' anywhere.

*No, they haven't.

EAT



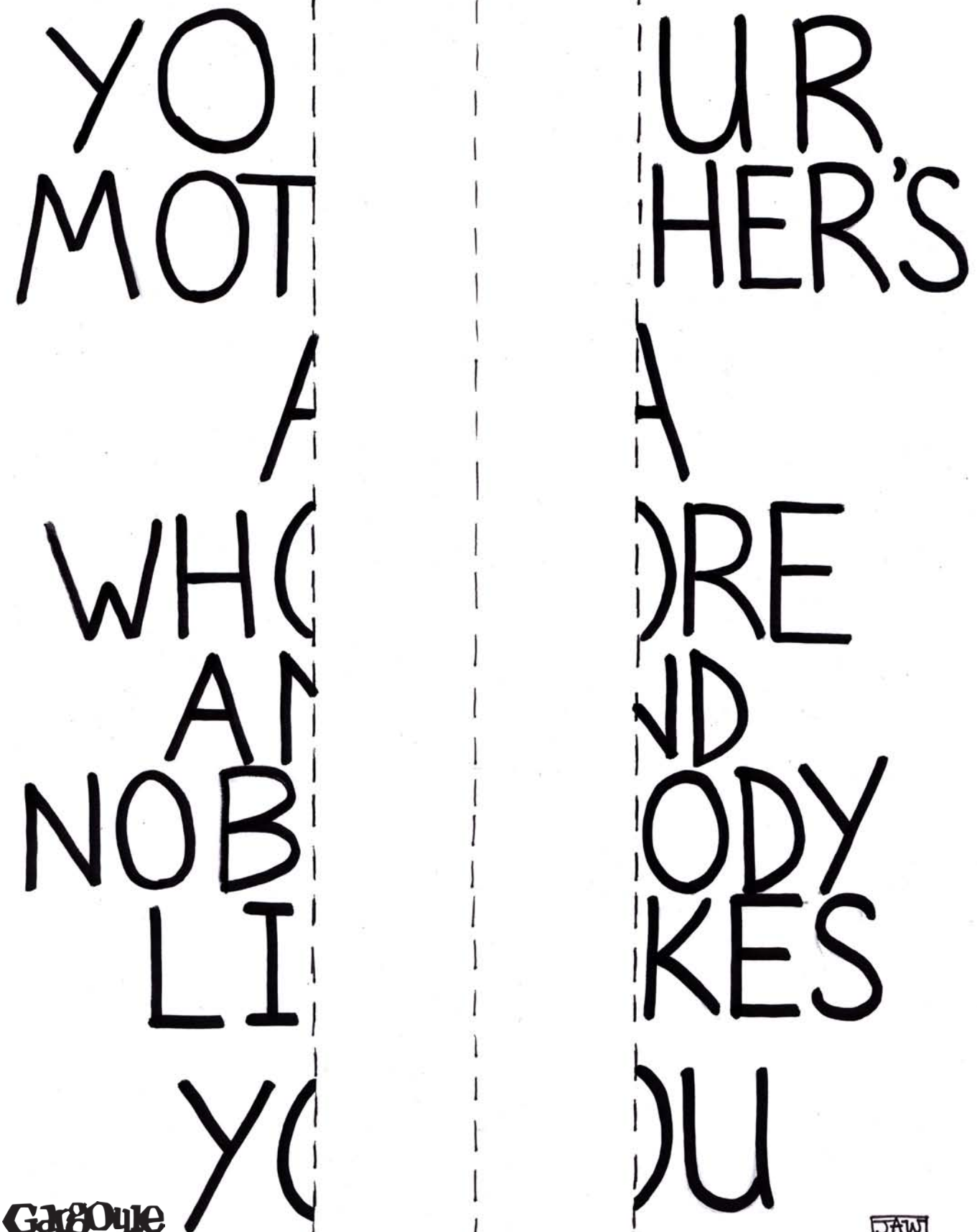
I REMEMBER NOW! THE BERMUDA TRIANGLE! A STORM! AN EXPLOSION!
LET'S SEE WHERE THIS TUNNEL LEADS TO!
THEY'RE PTERODACTYLS!
WELCOME TO THE THUNDERDOME
BUT OF COURSE! THE FEMALE!
THE BOY IS SIXTEEN YEARS OLD! HE TOO IS LONELY - -
- FOR COMPANIONSHIP I CANNOT PROVIDE! OR CAN I?
- A JURRAXIAN FEMALE!
AMAZING! THE DOME IS PROGRAMMED TO LOOK LIKE THE SKY!

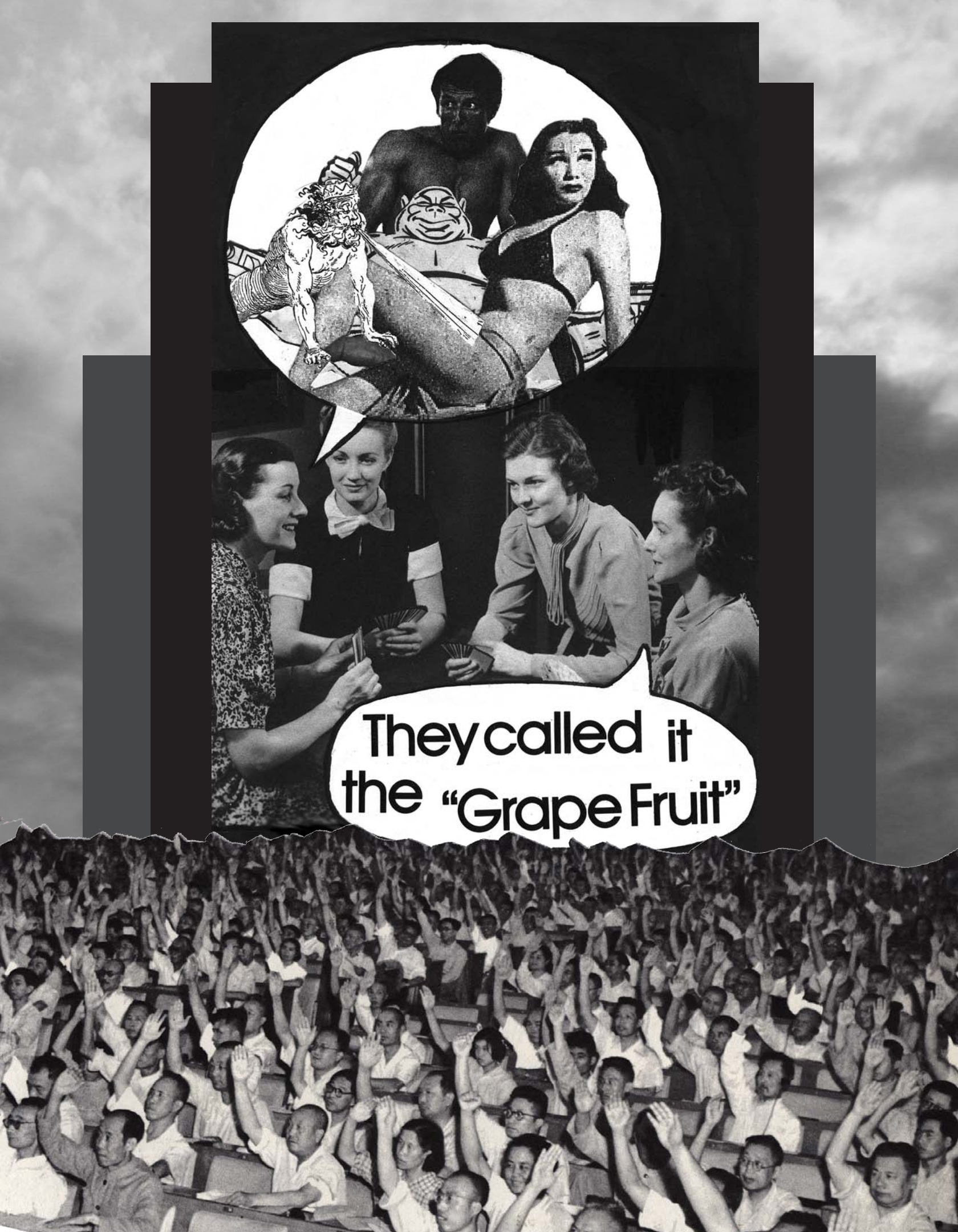
BLAST!
IT'S A
SQUID-
VAGINA!

Fold in! →

← Fold in!

Oh, what joy! Another patented Gargoyle fold-in poster! Fold along the dotted lines to read the secret message!



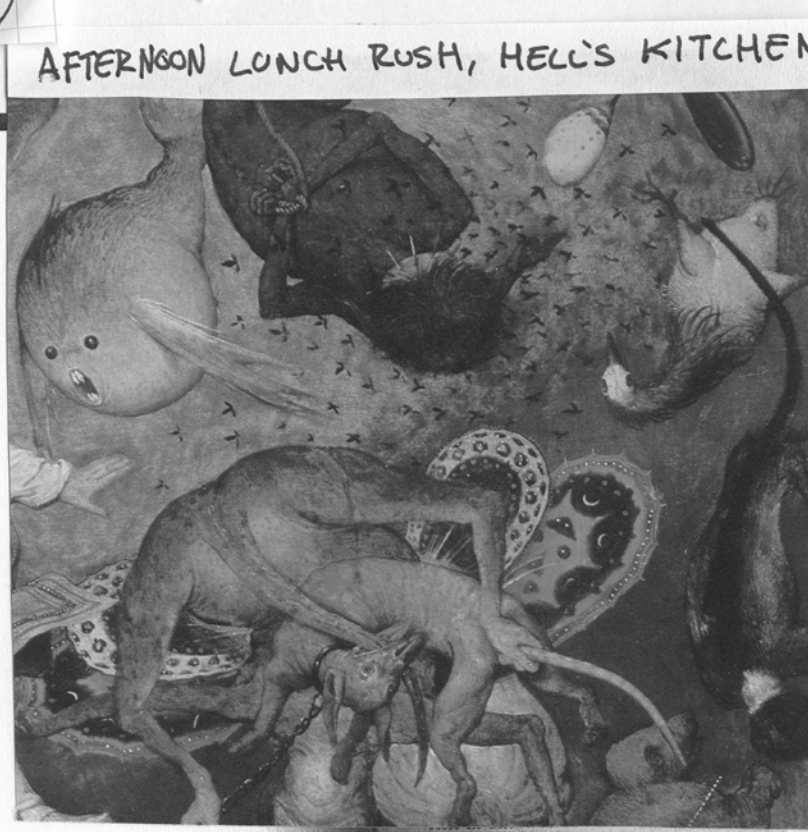

They called it
the "Grape Fruit"

The Real-Life Adventures of the MILTONIC SATAN

BY MAX EDDY (I LOVE YOU, JOHN MILTON)

"O, you Chineses, if Chineses be,
Say to me your menu, your good
And mighty list of great vittles
Procured from Atlas heights
In Orient climes. Poultry pieces stripped
Of feather and bone thrown
Down, from a tub wherein
Several other pieces of like meats
Which do lie frozen in a great ice,
As I did in the Stygian wastes
Of Hell's great north where I lay
Broken and beaten beneath the heel of the Lord,
Into the deepest depth of the endless
Deep fryer. There the meats do mix and mingle
Turn and writhe in deliciously great pain,
Chicken and Beef and Pork together,
The unholy mixture of meats churns,
Delicious bubbles of grease and fatty gristle.
From that great Pancarnimonium there comes
The mighty populous of the steam trays.
General Tso, the greatest among the Mongoloids
Forever remembered in battle
When shield clashes to spear
When sword finds its mark in the breast
Of its chosen enemy, when battered chicken
Survives harsh oils in the endless pit
Of that Stygian fryer, and meets a delicious brown sauce
So sing the hymn of Tso.
The Lo Mein, a noodle to which I can relate.
Taken from the heights of glory
Imbued with the glories of boiled water
To become a delicious and sweet entrée
Tempting to behold, sure to carry a taste
That would stir the stoniest of tongues
And would excite all the humors.
Like that noodle, did I believe myself to be
Powerful before the throne of the Lord,
And like that noodle I did shake his throne
And knock over a very nice table
And managed to break one of his bay windows
Before I was thrown down with Stygian ire
Into that great pit where, like the noble noodle,

AFTERNOON LUNCH RUSH, HELL'S KITCHEN



had done the heavy labor of lifting the victim
Jim insisted he should get eight cents. Certainly
settle for less than seven cents. Patsy the Barb
pointing out that he had done the original c
victim and was thus entitled to an equal share.

The dispute turned violent when Slobbery Jir
chewed on Patsy the Barber's nose. Patsy pr
knife and stuck it in Jim's ribs. The blow had n
however, and the pair wrestled on the floor.
on, incredibly, for some 30 minutes without in
Monell or Gallus Mag or anyone else, since thi
no drunken brawl but a professional dispute. T
ended in Slobbery Jim's favor when he got h
and slashed his opponent's throat. As the blo
the wound, Jim proceeded to kick the Barber
the last seen of Slobbery Jim, who fled the c
heard of again until the Civil War, when s
soldiers insisted they'd seen him in the uniforn
are Army captain.

The Hole-In-The-Wall was too deadly a p
Fourth Ward and it was finally shut down
1871 after the occurrence of seven murders in
one knew how many other unreported slayin
there.

See also: *Gallus Mag*.

HOLLIDAY, John Henry "
Gunfighter and de

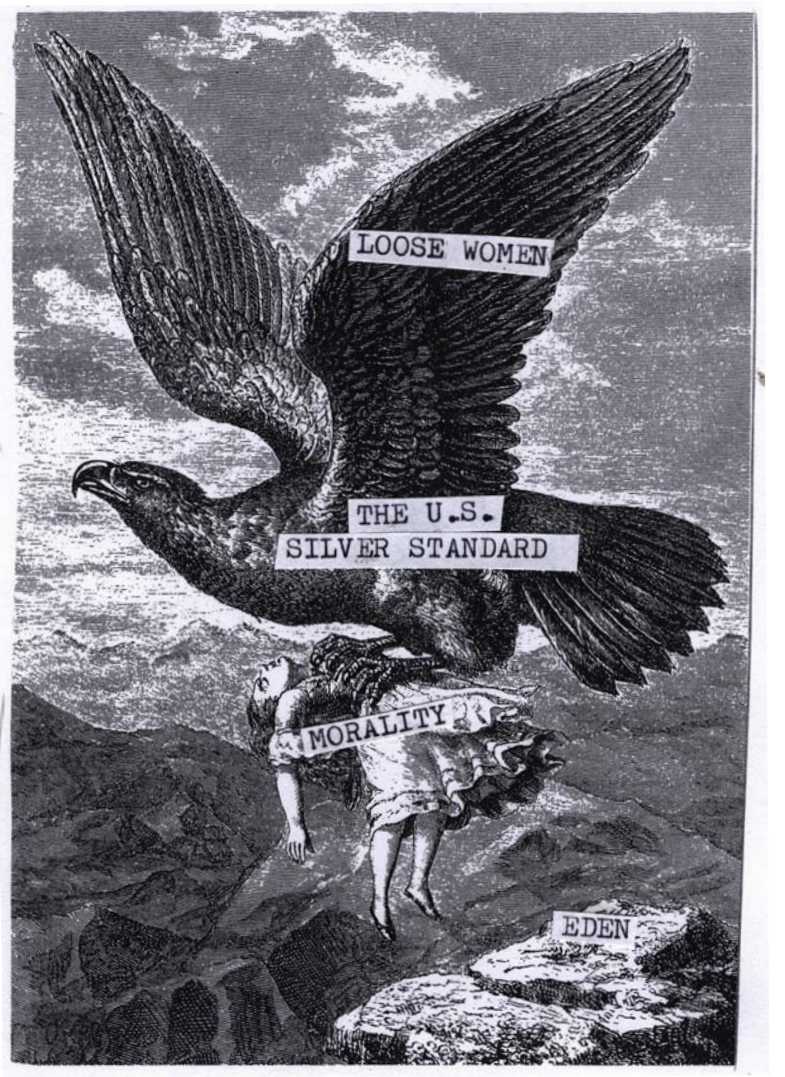
Suffering from tuberculos
Atlanta, Ga., dentist, came
life span after being given
He practiced dentistry n

Zug, who produced terror in hundreds of people and
lked them of fortunes. Dressed in weird ceremonial
es, the pair told wealthy victims they, their property
oney were under evil spells. Then they explained that
s the sole living white witch doctor in the United
could be the instrument of their salvation. "The only
relieve this deadly spell," Zug would intone, "is to buy
ay out of it. These evil spirits respect cash."
902 Zug and Mrs. McBride put the curse on an elderly
uple, Mrs. Susan Stambaugh and her palsy-ridden hus-
"I see your profiles on the side of a distant mountain
ıd through the brains of these profiles, evil spirits have
long needles. This was done many years ago and the
s are now rusty. When these needles break, a day not
ff, you both will die."
on hearing this prediction Mrs. Stambaugh fainted and
ısband had a spasmodic fit. When they came to, Mrs.
ide had some good news; Edgar Zug could save them
their awful fate. There was a way Zug could convince the
s to withdraw the fatal needles. Zug nodded but warned,
ill take money, a lot of money." Within seven days the
ning pair had stripped the Stambaughs of all their savings
he deeds to their many properties. Then Zug had some
ıews for them. The spirits were not satisfied. "You are
g to die," he intoned with an air of resignation, "unless
can come up with at least another five thousand." But
: was then some good news; the Stambaughs would end up
ng more back than they paid in through a hidden treasure
the spirits would reveal to them.
he now desperate but hopeful couple hysterically hunted
nore money, trying to secure loans from friends. Finally,
of them revealed the reason for the cash and the Gypsy
se swindlers were arrested and convicted of fraud. As they
e being led from the courtroom, Zug cried, "That's what I
for being kind!"
Police report that variations of the Gypsy Curse swindle are
l worked today on the elderly rich in almost every ethnic
ımunity in big cities.

YPSY Swindles: See Handkerchief
Witch.

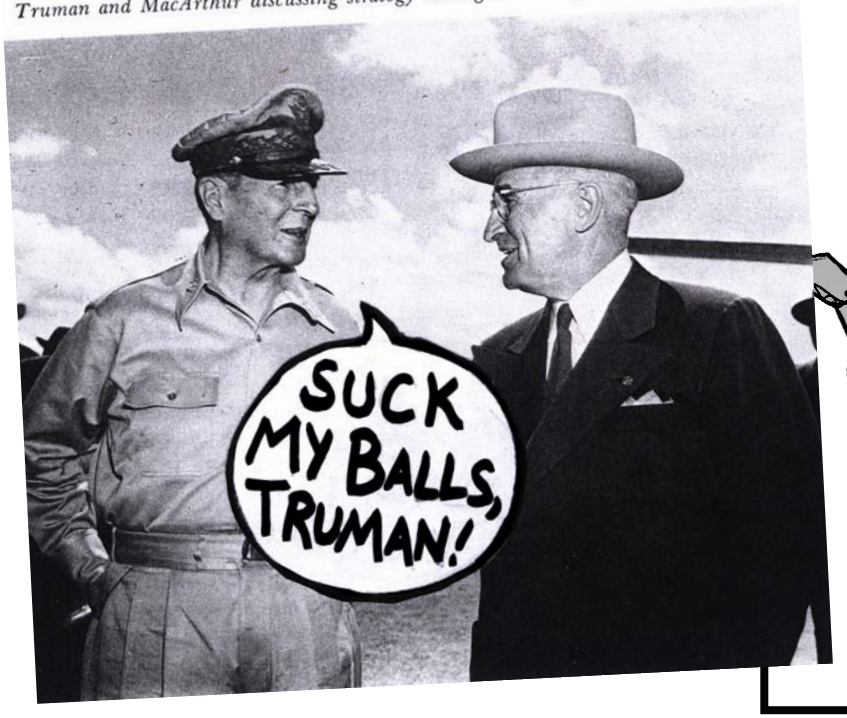
I was fried deep through to my very being
And do to this day reject the love of God,
Unlike this weak noodle, laid low
To Lo Mein it is, seeking redemption
In a sweet and salty sauce, to see it
Is to be disgusted, the weakest of noodles
Unable to stand proud in its torment
To shake its appendage before the benevolence,
For whom to the noodle would likely be a chef,
And to cry out in anger. Yet do I desire
This great feast. Blest by me is the soup
That is both sweet and sour. Before God and man
It bears no clear face, no distinction of itself,
Viscous, Duplicitous, delicious upon my spoon
Sanguine in color and foul before the Lord
Yet beloved to me. And atop this mighty feast
This caloric mass, a great affront to God himself,
Do I demand a befried rolled egg contrivance.
Take chopped cabbage, culled from the very Earth
That God did spread Man, and place it within a batter
Add to this veritable mixture pieces of that meat
Of pig which the Lord did so detest, until recently
When The Highest of the Throne did change his mind,
Which should be cooked above a Stygian flame,
Atop a Stygian skillet crafted by smiths,
With Stygian craft and malice upon fiery forge
Where does grow the red Stygian plume
Of Stygian fire taken from Stygian wastes
To burn with Stygian malice and to cook
That good eggroll. These I demand,
These I require and believe than I would pay no more
Than the sum of ten and five for this great food.
And a tip, open or understood, may be resolved."

Edward Teller, the father of the Hydrogen Bomb, pictured here with President and noted tool, Ronald Reagan. Also pictured: Johnny Depp.



President Eisenhower's smile delighted Helen Keller.

Truman and MacArthur discussing strategy during a meeting on Wake Island, 1951.



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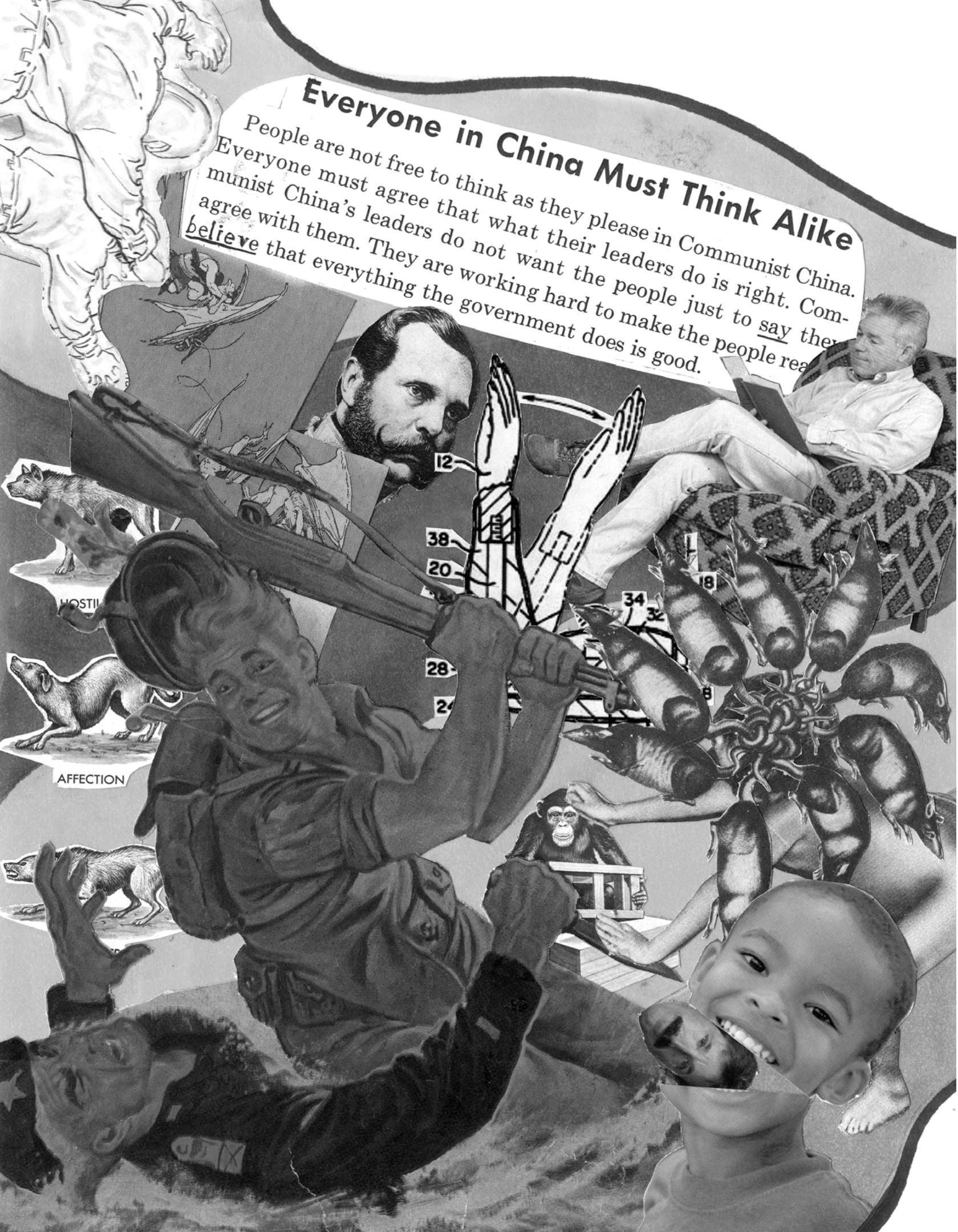
(734) 663 - 3441
Mon-Sat 10-9, Sun 12-8


Everyone in China Must Think Alike
People are not free to think as they please in Communist China. Everyone must agree that what their leaders do is right. Communist China's leaders do not want the people just to say they agree with them. They are working hard to make the people really believe that everything the government does is good.
12
38
20
28
34
32
18
HOSTILITY
AFFECTION

$1,370,000 and 30,000 monkeys later
Three years,
Prepare for Calamity